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THE PRICE OF BLOOD



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THE PRICE OF BLOOD

THE SEQUEL TO "RASPLATA" AND
"THE BATTLE OF TSUSHIMA"

BY CAPTAIN VLADIMIR SEMENOFF, I.R.N.

TRANSLATED BY
LEONARD LEWERY

AND
MAJOR F. R. GODFREY, R.M.L.I.
TRANSLATOR OF "FROM LIBAU TO TSUSHIMA"



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1910

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It was not without a prolonged internal struggle that I ultimately made up my mind to prepare for publication this concluding part of my diary.

It appeared to me much too painful and delicate a subject to be exposed to the glare of publicity. I shrank from the thought that people might open their eyes in bewilderment and ask: "Is this what actually happened?"

My only answer would be: "So it was recorded, there and then—on the spot where it happened, and at the actual time of occurrence.

The personality of the chronicler is inevitably, even though unconsciously, brought to the front in his narrative; but if he has recorded in his note-book only what he saw and heard, without intentional misrepresentation or colouring, then these unsophisticated records will subsequently furnish the groundwork whereon learned historians will spin out their elaborate accounts,

In my books, *Rasplata* ("The Reckoning") and *The Battle of Tsushima*, I endeavoured, whilst strictly adhering to the course marked out day by day in my diary, to present to my readers word-pictures of my own experiences, and those of the little circle of comrades, so closely bound together, of which I was a link and unit.

I related there, as it seemed to me my bounden duty to do, with all candour the story of the six months' campaigning with the Port Arthur Squadron, finishing up with the battle of Shan-Tung, on August 10, 1907, and an interval of two months; seven and a half months of cruising with the Second Squadron on its fateful voyage from Libau to Tsushima; the climax of May 14 to 27, 1905; how I was bundled over together with the unconscious Admiral Rojěstvensky from his perishing flagship *Suvōroff* on to the torpedo-boat *Buoyni*, very nearly in the same plight; but I have shrunk back hitherto from continuing my narrative to its bitter end. I was actuated by the idea that the reading public were interested in the history of the war, but not in what practically amounts to my own personal history; but now I have come to think that my narrative from its very beginning could not really be classed with what are generally regarded as the annals

of the war properly so called. It is rather a story of some of the people, surrounding me, who figured in it conspicuously; and if this truthful tale has been considered worthy of translation into all the European tongues, then it is worthy, at least, of being concluded.

I shall not hold back anything from my notes, nor will I amend or attempt to improve upon them in any way. I shall carefully remember the motto: "What I have written I have written."

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THE PRICE OF BLOOD

CHAPTER I

The last entry in my note-book—The Admiral and myself on board the *Buoyni*—A week of hardships and delirium—The Admiral and myself are once again transhipped—"Smokes" sighted—The chase—The crime of the Commander of the *Bedovy*—The surrender—I attempt suicide—Saved by the Ship's Surgeon—The arrival at Sassebo.

THE last entry in my note-book, on the fateful day of May 14, 1905, is timed at 7.40 P.M., lying on the deck of the torpedo-boat *Buoyni*. I still saw our ironclads, steaming astern, scattered pell-mell, but keeping at bay with their fire the greedy, baiting pack of the enemy's torpedo-boats.

Through loss of blood and the violent inflammation which was setting in in my still undressed and dirt-begrimed wounds, I now experienced a sense of utter feebleness, shivering, nausea, and, above all, a tormenting thirst.

My diary, which had hitherto been kept by me uninterruptedly from day to day, and sometimes even from hour to hour, came here to an abrupt termination. And it was only a week after, on May 22, that I could muster strength enough to handle a pencil and scrawl, with unsteady hand, the few straggling words: "Tvassaki¹ also found something extraneous . . . [in the wound.] Clipped. . . . The devil! dragging me about from place to place on stretchers. Rotten. They say the wound was awfully dirty.² All round the seat of the wound a cruel contusion. The whole muscle battered out of all shape and torn aslant; frightfully painful, although all but lifeless. Dimensions [of the main wound]: 130 millimetres long and from 25 to 37 millimetres deep. Oki lays hopes on strong constitution—says, 'very strong blood.'"

On the same day, during a temporary rally, I scribbled a few more abbreviated notes, illegible and utterly meaningless to a stranger, but very eloquent when speaking to my memory.

¹ The Japanese surgeon, into whose ward I was transferred from that of Doctor Oki, who rendered me the first aid.

² No wonder—nine hours without any kind of a makeshift dressing even, at first in the smoke of the flames and under spouts of dirty salt water, and after this, sprawling about on the deck, no less dirty, of the torpedo-boat!

Guided by these lights, I shall try to record more or less systematically, what befell me during the intervening blank space in my diary.

After having made my last entry (on the *Buoyini*), I felt myself to be at the end of my tether, and (how, I don't remember) got down to the ward-room of the torpedo-boat. Here the assistant surgeon, Peter Coudinoff, found me (according to his evidence) sitting by the table in a large pool of blood. He said the time was about midnight. Strange to say, as far as I can remember, the heavy wound on the right leg, which was the cause of so much . . . trouble to me subsequently, at that time was practically painless. If there was any pain at all, it was located beyond the wound, in the knee and the hip, while the whole of the leg obeyed me very badly.

I remember perfectly, though, what a frantic row I kicked up when the assistant surgeon took hold of the left boot and tried to pull it off. The slightest pressure on the fractured big left toe and the two adjoining toes, which were also badly mangled, caused such excruciating sensations, as could only find adequate expression in the rich phraseology of a boat-swain. For the boot, with the hole torn in it by the splinter, was filled, not with blood alone,

but with salt bilge-water as well; and in this "brine" the wounded toes soaked for well nigh nine hours.

Assistant Coudinoff—(God bless him with health and happiness for many a long year!)—took in the situation at a glance. Whereupon he cautiously cut the boot and sock in two, and thus removed them easily. And then he went through his business so tenderly, in so painstaking a manner! In order that I should not remain barefooted, he managed to rummage out a slipper from somewhere, cut lout the whole of its forward part in such a way that only a narrow strip spanned the instep; and this improvised sandal he bandaged fast to the sole of my foot.

What a dear old soul, and how deeply grateful I felt (and always shall feel) to him!

Now, however, with regard to further accommodation, his task proved much more troublesome: all the spare mattresses even were occupied, let alone bunks and wall-sofas.

"Oh, you . . ." grumbled Coudinoff reprov- ingly, paying no heed whatever to my staff-officer's shoulder-straps, "what was all your foolhardiness for? If you had come to me sooner, I'd have found room for you!"

"Well, well, don't get so fierce about it,"

I answered meekly ; “ we must shift as best we can.”

Of course it never occurred for a single moment to Coudinoff, any more than to me, to pull a mattress from under some of the sailors on the torpedo-boat—even those only slightly wounded.

However, he managed to get hold of somebody’s oilskins. True, that even twice folded these oilskins had not much resemblance to a mattress, but still it was not the bare iron deck ! And Coudinoff’s own flannel shirt, rolled into a lump, for my head to recline upon, was almost a cushion !

On May 22 I wrote in my diary, referring to that night : “ Had to stretch myself on the deck (iron) with oilskins for bedding. . . . Beastly cold, uncomfortable ; . . . heavy seas. . . . Bandage shifted off. Coudinoff came, put it right again ; fetched a tarpaulin cover. . . . ”

By the way, the meaning of the last sentence has ever been a puzzle to me ; was it that Coudinoff contrived to procure, in addition to the oilskins, both a tarpaulin and a blanket for a cover, or just a tarpaulin only, to serve as bedding and cover at once. However, this is immaterial.

All the night through I shivered violently

with fever. Glimpses of surrounding reality were all intermingled with delirious visions . . . ; for instance, I recollect quite plainly, as if it had happened just now, how the commander of the torpedo-boat appeared in the wardroom, summoned a council-of-war, and asked for everybody's opinions, down to the juniors. . . .

On the occasion of the subsequent trial (regarding the surrender of the torpedo-boat *Bedovy*), the commander of the *Buoyni* declared, as witness, that he never summoned any war-council of any kind, and never inquired about my opinions, and what's more, could not have inquired, as he never even suspected my presence in the wardroom: he only caught a momentary glimpse of me at the moment of our transhipment from the *Surōroff*, and immediately forgot all about my very existence, absorbed by manifold and pressing business. . . .

Of the ship's-officers belonging to the *Buoyni*, one at least (midshipman Khrabro-Vassilevski) witnessed that he clearly remembered my presence, as, having descended into the wardroom in the middle of the night from his watch, he trod on somebody's feet, sticking out from under the table, and, endeavouring to smooth over his clumsiness, helped his

wounded fellow-officer to a better position, and recognised me in his act.

Towards the morning I dropped off into a fitful slumber. . . . Someone (I don't know who) roused me rather roughly. He was shouting: "Get up! You've got to go over to the *Bedovy*." Somebody helped me to climb up on deck. Steaming not far astern, I recognised the *Dimitri Donskoi*, and, in close proximity to us, two torpedo boats (*Bedovy* and *Grozni*). I inquired: "What's the matter?" But, of course, people were too busy and worried to enter into explanations; so I got the abrupt answer, that "*Buoyni* has got quite 'rickety' and can't make any more headway." There was a heavy swell. Alongside of *Buoyni*, I noticed a cutter from the *Donskoi*; I was led up to the side and told briefly: "Get in, don't keep people waiting," and as I lingered I even heard mumbled swearing. Our torpedo boat was pitching and tossing about, the cutter was dancing along, while the oarsmen were pulling at the oars with all their might, to escape being smashed up against our side, or, worse still, getting their gunwale caught under some projection and capsizing altogether.

"But how am I to get in? It is necessary to jump! And, you see, how can I?"

“What? Talking, are you . . .?” and, snatching a favourable moment, they lifted me bodily, pushed from behind, and down I jumped into the pinnace, stiffly, awkwardly, falling right on both legs, . . . and forthwith lost my senses from the awful pain. . . . I was brought to again by pain (probably still more excruciating). I found myself stretched on a thwart, with somebody in a sailor’s blue jacket sitting right on top of me, and upon my right leg, almost on the very wound, was stretched a big stick, pressing on it. I cannot find words to give any idea how that stick weighed on my leg.

Subsequently it was all explained to me: directly after I had been “heaved off” on to the pinnace, they handed over (almost in the same manner) a stretcher with our unconscious Admiral tied fast to it. At this very moment one of the sailors, who was preparing to catch hold of his handle of the stretcher, lost his balance and sat down upon me bodily, and the stretcher’s handle fell down with all its weight, pinning down my hapless right leg.

But all these explanatory details were gathered by me very much later; and just then I only saw the back of a blue-jacket sitting right on top of me, and, suddenly seized with fury, I caught hold of the gunwale with

one hand, and with the other started pounding his neck with all my might, accompanying my action with the most expressive orders, which I can not recall now, and it would be of no avail anyway, as they could hardly be cited here.¹

How and when I was dragged up on to the *Bedovy*, I have not the slightest recollection. I can only remember sprawling on its deck, with my head almost touching the mainmast, and in anguished fear tucking up my left foot, which was dressed in the improvised sandal, lest in the general bustle and commotion somebody should stumble across the "cursed toe." I lost all command over my right leg, but then it gave me no pain whatever. The only sensation I experienced there, was that of its sucking-in something warm, and this was not wholly unpleasant (in consequence of what took place during the transshipment, the bandage came off and an abundant hæmorrhage set in again).

How long had I lain in this position? Howsoever, the ship was already steaming ahead at full speed on its course, when I attracted

¹ In the investigation *re* the surrender of the torpedo-boat *Bedovy*, it transpired that the man who sat on me was Volunteer Maximoff. He furnished me with all the above details of this episode.

the attention of one of the officers. First of all, of course, I asked for something to drink. All the time I had been tormented by a great thirst. Naturally, my request was granted forthwith, and then I was carried downstairs into the wardroom, and here (oh, bliss ineffable) I was snugly installed upon a cosy sofa, a pillow was placed under my head (I think even two!) and a warm, soft blanket spread over me. . . .

The junior surgeon from the *Donskoi*, who remained on the *Bedovy*, was engrossed for a long time still in the task of dressing the Admiral's numerous serious wounds. Although the Admiral was tied fast to the stretcher, owing to the transhipment from the *Buoyini* to the pinnace, and then to the *Bedovy*, when he had to submit, *nolens volens*, to being hauled about like a sack of coal, all his bandages (however skilfully they had been adjusted by our benefactor Peter Coudinoff) had shifted from their positions.

At last, enabled to breathe forth freely once more, and having quenched my thirst (and that with no more water, but with tea and lemonade), I "bucked-up" wonderfully, and conceived a bold desire to wash myself; for, catching sight of myself in the looking-glass, I perceived, staring at me wonderingly, a dusky, ferocious

face, and upon feeling the top of my head, found no hair on it, but only a species of tightly matted felt, so thoroughly had we all been smoked by the flames, and, I daresay, by the fumes of the *Shimosa* as well.

True it is, my burst of energy did not last very long. I managed to reach the lavatory upon my own legs (although helped along by others), but once installed before the wash-stand, I could not get along any further. I was helped out by an orderly, who, having propped me up on a bench, fetched a basin and scrubbed and washed me thoroughly "in three waters." After this I felt in heaven. And to crown all this, my new companions vied with each other in proffering me clean underwear and even clothes. I accepted the former gratefully, but the latter I declined gently, but firmly. My tunic, made ragged by splinters of Japanese projectiles, and the tatters of my trousers, drenched in blood, seemed to me an honourable array, which I would not part with for the world.

"Oh, oh! why, you are 'mangled' considerably on the left side!" somebody ejaculated, whilst I was undergoing this change.

And truly, three red patches, hidden from view before by the tunic, shewed up on my white waistcoat — one, the largest, on the

waistline, and two smaller ones right under the left shoulder blade. In all probability the splinters were in a red-hot condition when they struck me, which accounted for the pain they caused me; but, on the other hand, without penetrating deeply, they disinfected the wounds they inflicted by, as it were, cauterising them. It was very painful, though, to tear off the shirt, which was glued on to them hard and fast. Just then the doctor made his appearance, having finished with the Admiral, and started manipulating me.

During the six months of my Port Arthur campaign, I had had sufficient opportunity to study the facial expressions made by the doctors in the process of examining the wounded (I must say that all these expressions seem to be cast from one mould), and had learned to divine the true meaning of their always encouraging remarks.

In this instance, I perceived at once that the trouble was serious, and that I should have to face unpleasant music. . . .

“Tell me, please, is it (the splinter) in there, or has it gone right through?” I queried, whilst the doctor was pottering away over my right leg. “Seems to me, there is something hard down there. . . .”

“Something hard?” the doctor repeated rather irritably. “Well, if it is there, it will be removed, don’t you know. Why, we shall be at Vladivostok to-morrow, at the hospital. There you will be operated on, in accordance with all the rules of the science, and in the meanwhile here, there’s but one thing to keep in view—that’s cleanliness. . . . And why the devil didn’t you get dressed immediately? All this rubbish wouldn’t be there now!” he wound up almost angrily. “At least, don’t you play the fool of a hero, now that you are off your stumps—just lie here quietly; do you hear?”

What was, in the meanwhile, going on on the torpedo boat? What progress was being made, what decisions were being taken? This did not interest me. The doctor said that to-morrow I would have to go on the operating-table at the hospital of Vladivostok. This was all-important to me. I considered (as, I daresay, I was fully justified in doing) that my business was done,—that, having sustained one very heavy wound, another serious one, three light ones, a number of bruises and two contusions, and having got on a ship which had played the part of a mere spectator in the battle, without firing a single shot, and which not only was free from any

damage, but had not a scratch among the crew,—on this ship I was nothing but mere cargo, to be delivered as per instructions. It never occurred to me to demand information from those around me: “How’s this and that; and why so, and not otherwise?” This would amount to making a nuisance of one’s self. And were I even to interfere with any uncalled-for advice, well. . . . They might not send me “to blazes” openly, having regard to my rank and present condition, but in any case this interference would be met, at best, but condescendingly. . . . “Let him grumble away,” they would say, “down there on the sofa. Mustn’t excite him.”

About noon lunch was served, prepared from tinned provisions. I could eat nothing. With an effort I managed to gulp down a cup of beef-tea with biscuits soaked in it. But I greatly enjoyed two glasses of piping hot tea with brandy and lemonade (doctor’s prescription. Perhaps he added something else). At once I felt warm and comfortable, and fell asleep soundly on my sofa, notwithstanding the noise and hubbub of voices which filled the wardroom.

I was awakened by the voice of our flag-captain, who was calling me by name. I seem to recollect plainly (though this, too, may have

been my raving fancy), that he stood over me, adjusting the bandage on his head (he had three small splinters in the nape of his head), and saying to me—

“Two smokes sighted — south and east.”
(This was recorded by me on May 22.)

“Well, what about it? . . . why, full speed ahead, of course!” I replied.

Following the deeply-ingrained habit of the man at the helm, I glanced at the clock—3.15 P.M., and “recorded moment.”

“Of course, of course, I thought so too,” said the flag-captain, going up on deck again. I again fell asleep.

Further on my recollections become dim and confused. A good deal of what even now I recall so vividly, as having been lived through by myself, was subsequently refuted by witnesses' statements given under oath.

Thus, for instance, I recorded in my diary on the 22nd—

“Dropped off again. Awoke. Clock, 4.15. Speed apparently very moderate.¹ No one about; got anxious; crawled upstairs. Found Illutovitch² squatting. Inquired about speed.

¹ An experienced naval officer, placed in the wardroom (aft) of a torpedo-boat, will always define, guided by the vibration of the stern, whether the ship is progressing at slow, medium, or full speed.

² Chief engineer of the *Buoyini*.

Answer : "15." "How's that ? How many boilers going ?" Answer : "2."

"What ? Wasn't there steam got up in all of them ?"

"No."

It turned out afterwards that I did not awake myself, but was roused by Volunteer Maximoff, and it was not I at all who talked to Illutovitch, but Maximoff related to me his conversation with the engineer, adding that the "smokes" were overtaking us perceptibly. This was why I got anxious and "crawled upstairs." However dull and slowly my brain worked, I could still understand that if we were being given chase by the enemy, then in the emergency of an encounter, we must be in a position to command our extreme speed. . . . Why, a torpedo-boat with only half-steam up is but a mere toy in the enemy's hands. The latter will simply play havoc, or do just whatever he pleases with it. This is as plain as ABC!"

Pulling myself up with my hands in some places, crawling on all fours in others, I managed to reach the bridge, but climbing up the vertical ladder was out of the question, of course, so, gripping the lowest step and raising myself on it, I started shouting hoarsely at the top of my voice :—

"Hello, you ! Steam ! Steam up in all the

boilers ! Steam ! Steam ! What are you waiting for ? Steam up ! ”

On the wing of the bridge nearest to me, I saw the commander of the torpedo-boat, the flag-captain, and the flag-steersman. This was *not* raving, the incident was witnessed by the signalman Sibireff.

All three were engrossed in a consultation. . . . Then the commander leaned over the handrail of the bridge above me, and cried : “ Yes ! Yes ! at once ! Right away ! ” and forthwith gave his loud command : “ Steam up in all the boilers ! ”

“ Aye, aye, ” the boatswain responded, and passed on the command.

. . . I felt utterly exhausted. The ship was rolling in a heavy sea ; my legs felt as if they did not belong to me ; with hands giving out and head all in a whirl, it seemed to me that in another moment I should roll down the slanting, slippery iron deck, and topple right overboard.

Well, I heard with my own ears the command : “ Steam up in all the boilers ! ”

And after this : “ Let everybody do his duty. ” So I started crawling back.

Half-way back (this was a trying journey, though the distance was short—only about a hundred feet) a sailor came to my assistance.

Having reached once again my sofa in the wardroom, I flopped down on it, more dead than alive. This excursion to the bridge and back was the last straw. . . .

It transpired afterwards that I was not the only inactive occupant of the wardroom. In one of the bunks, covered by curtains, lay Lieutenant Krijanovski. Having been poisoned by the suffocating gases of the *Shimosa* (though otherwise uninjured), he was tormented all night by attacks of asthma and nausea, and now lay sound asleep.

Of course, at that time I never suspected his presence at all, but now I venture to avail myself of his evidence given at the trial. According to his statement, he had been roused by the doctor, who imparted to him a very alarming piece of intelligence:—"We are being run down, just as if we were standing still. It's a Jap, and no mistake. Our position—rotten, steam up in two boilers only; guns have their coverings on, no torpedoes ready. . . ."

Krijanovski started hurriedly upstairs, caught sight of me, and asked if I would come along; but I replied: "Can't."

All this is a perfect blank in my memory.

I recollect only lying on the sofa (when was this? how much time elapsed?) and listening

with bated breath to reports of firing, to the hissing of projectiles, . . . and was conscious of the fact that it was "they" who fired, and that we did *not* respond.

Then . . . our engines were stopped. Firing ceased.

Whatever was the matter?

And suddenly the thought—clear and sharply outlined—flashed through my mind: "Why, they are surrendering!"

And now I shall be mercilessly candid, not only in regard to my comrades in misfortune, but also towards myself, just as I was in *Rasplata* and *The Battle of Tsushima*.

At this crucial moment my first thought was not about the honour of St Andrew's flag,¹ not about the honour of my country and her fleet—I only thought about myself.

"Surrender! What about me? And I from the *Diana*! Good job if they shoot me, but what if I am to be hanged, like a thief. . . .² No! better do it myself!"

¹ The ensign of the Russian Navy.—Ed.

² Readers of *Rasplata* will remember that, upon being transferred from Port Arthur Captain Semenoff was appointed chief officer of the cruiser *Diana*. This cruiser was sighted and chased by Japanese, and succeeded in running into shelter of the harbour of Saigon—a neutral port. In accordance with international law, this cruiser was dismantled on August 27, 1905, and her officers and crew were eliminated, or "interned," i.e., released under the pledge that they would not



I jumped up from the sofa, snatched down my revolver that was suspended on the hat hook, pulled up the breech spring with a desperate effort. . . . Missed fire. . . . Pulled up again. The confounded cartridge dropped out at last, but at that very moment the ship's surgeon appeared on the scene and gripped my arm angrily. I could not offer any resistance.

"Fate," flitted through my mind; "Come what may . . .!"

We were towed into Sassebo on May 17, in the afternoon, or rather, in the evening. What had I been doing during the two intermediate days? Nothing is recorded about them in my diary. So far as I can remember I was alternately shivering and vainly endeavouring to warm myself, or merging into a feverish heat, then I would sit up on my sofa and enter into passionate controversies with those around me, and be rude and even insulting. . . . I attacked the commander of the *Bedovy*, and expressed my full readiness to give satisfaction in single combat the moment both of us set foot on Russian soil. . . .

participate again in the war. Captain Semenoff, however, upon his return to St Petersburg, immediately joined Admiral Rojěstvensky's squadron.—ED.

CHAPTER II

In the prisoners' hospital—The first impressions—The operation—First jottings in the note-book—Convalescence—News from St Petersburg—The Czar's telegram to Admiral Rojěstvensky—Saved through an oversight—Cross-examination by the Japanese staff-officer—Negligence or magnanimity.

I WAS being carried on a stretcher, and as it started raining, they covered me up with a blanket, head and all. In the hospital I was at first placed in a separate room, as a serious case.

All round me there was a remarkable animation, but not of the hustle-and-bustle description, not like the busy rush that could be accounted for by the perpetual arrivals almost every minute of fresh transports of the wounded . . . oh, no, not at all! I felt, with an acute sting, that this was a joyful, jubilant animation, and as doctors, and nurses, and hospital attendants in turn approached me,

offering me their services, trying to induce me to eat and drink, to cheer me up, I could not help noticing that only by a great effort of will did they succeed in controlling their features from dissolving into radiant smiles.

Yes, that was a day of great rejoicing for the whole of Japan! Everybody was so happy, so brimming over with exultation, that this happiness could not contain itself, and found vent in every trifling utterance, in every gesture and glance. . . . And the source of their exultation was our annihilation.

If but one of them had dared to evince his glee openly in my presence whatever, I think I would be able to clench my teeth in his throat till they would have met there. But all were so affable, so tenderly considerate. . . . And how awfully sickening this was. . . .

They wished to carry me to the operating ward on a stretcher, but, for some reason, I conceived an offence in this intention, and declared that I would go there by myself. A senseless, ridiculous protest (some will say, a silly whim), but I wouldn't (do you understand? I would not) appear helpless and in need of compassion from people whom I hated with all my soul, and upon whom I had sworn revenge, dire and terrible.

An extraordinary excitement seized me (the temperature was above 104° F.). Pain I felt none almost; and when I did feel it, it only provoked my wrath. Of course this burst of nervous irritation very soon gave out. Already half-way "thither" I was caught hold of by the arms, and "thence" I was carried all the way.

The situation turned out much more serious even than I imagined.

From the conversation of Dr Oki with his assistant (I have told already, in *Rasplata*, how I mastered the Japanese language and the Chinese grammar for a bet), I gathered that the inflammation of the lymphatic glands had spread, in consequence of the wound being very dirty (and this accounted for the pain in the waist and the knee) and in the wound itself mortification had set in . . . The word "gangrene" (pronounced by the Japanese "gangoren") figured very frequently in the doctor's conversation. The consultations resulted in a dilemma: on the one hand, science prescribed immediate amputation of the leg at the hip; but on the other hand, such a decision would be practically equivalent to a sentence of death, as in my state of utter bodily exhaustion, my heart would not have stood the strain of an anæsthetic, and

still less, of course, of an operation without one; again, if they chose to await even a partial recovery of strength, the blood poisoning might spread upwards from the hip, and then all operating would be useless.

“Well, then, why haul me about for nothing!” I interrupted their arguing. “Leave me alone! Why, hang it all, what right have you to operate upon me without my consent!”

Doctor Oki murmured angrily, that I, too, had no right to conceal my knowledge of the Japanese language, whereupon they resumed their consultation in subdued tones, and in such a quick jabber, that I could not make head nor tail of it.

They confined themselves for the time being to washing and disinfecting the wounds. Apparently they decided to wait till the morning.

Before bidding me good-bye, the doctor said to me encouragingly in English. “Perhaps all right! Very strong blood.”

Why he should have burst out in English, of which tongue his knowledge was very scanty and superficial, I do not know, unless it was in order to avoid further questions.

Upon my return to bed, I was given a cup of something red to drink, slightly

astrigent and rather bitter to the taste. The assistant surgeon explained to me, that this was *boodaw-su* (wine), but it was the most obviously "doctored" wine I ever drank, for directly afterwards I dropped off into a dead sleep.

On the morning of May 18, upon removing the bandage and feeling the glands in the hip and under the knee, Oki burst into complimentary ejaculations, and then said, in broken Russian, *Poteripite niemunogo*,¹ and fell to work. In the main wound (on the right leg) he cut out a lot of something which he considered superfluous; then he simply cut open the big toe of the left foot, but did not remove the first joint, as I expected he would, and only filed and trimmed the fractured bone, declaring encouragingly: "All right, it doesn't matter if it turns out a trifle shorter; it will still be there, and even a nail will grow on it, though it won't look very attractive."

After this it was mere child's play to extract a decent-sized splinter, which was firmly imbedded in my waist. Two smaller ones, under my left shoulder-blade, which were completely crusted over with scab, he left alone, saying: "Always take plenty of time with these. If they become troublesome, we'll remove them."

¹ "Hold on; pull yourself together a bit!"

They did not deem it safe to administer chloroform after all. The whole operation was carried through with the aid of cocaine, which was injected into the places operated upon, as necessity arose. Three or four injections were made into the big, long wound on the right leg.

What a marvellous remedy, this cocaine ! The only pain I experienced at all in the process, was the stinging prick of the injector and afterwards only an itching sensation. When I did let myself go now and then, it was only because I was hauled about like an inanimate object.

Nevertheless, upon the conclusion of the operation, I was for all the world like a fish washed out on the sand ; and *à propos* of the cocaine, I suddenly bethought myself of a saying : “ A carp likes to be fried in cream only.” And so, whilst I was being bandaged up, I burst out laughing, and laughed even more impetuously and without check.

“ What is it ? What is it ? ” the doctor started reprovingly. “ *Sai-yo na dziki-mono ! Ah-ha ! Farooko-dess* ”¹ and wound up suddenly in Russian : “ Captain ! a dram of whisky ? What do you say ? ”

¹ “ Such a brave fellow, too ! Oh, oh ! it’s too bad ! ”

"I can't stand it," I replied. "A drop of Cognac, if you could get some."

"*Nobemass! Dziki-mono!*"¹ cried Oki, cheerfully. "*Hayakoo! hayakoo!*"² he added, addressing those beside him.

I was instantly served with a big tumblerful of a stimulant which was practically poured down my throat, and which I perceived to be Cognac. I immediately felt warmer and more comfortable, or rather, this nerve-racking feeling of strain, this peculiar sensation, which I could only characterise as "itching all over," abated at once.

"All right, all right! Now then, try and get some sleep!" the nurse in charge of my stretcher was soothingly repeating to me—a dear little creature with a funny sharp-pointed red-cross cap on her head.

And how I longed at that moment to press my lips to this tiny soft hand that was mopping the cold perspiration off my brow so carefully, so tenderly. Where was now all that hatred which was raging in my soul only last night? Now it was absolutely the same to me whatever nationality this young woman belonged to that hovered with soft step around me; and

¹ "How fastidious we are! Braye fellow."

² "Hurry up, hurry up!"

being pitied by her did not seem in the least insulting.

A phrase occurred to me, which was somehow impressed in my memory :

“A living soul hath spoken to a living soul.”

And I was not in the least angry, when the hospital attendants, while engaged in replacing me in my sickbed from the stretcher, addressed me familiarly: “*Kimo no ftoi! Yass! Yass!*”¹

The next dressing was carried through in the presence of the chief surgeon, Tadzuki, and his assistant, whose name to my great regret is not recorded in my diary, for I could not pass him without mention. Among the wounded he received the nickname of the “man-ripper,” for the tendency he had, whenever the slightest occasion presented itself, to cut a fellow up in pieces, and then sew him together again and adjust everything in finer shape than ever. I must give him full credit for that: this was a surgeon who had received his talent as a heavenly gift at his birth.

To acquire his ability by study would have been impossible. There is not the least doubt

¹ “Strong fellow! Very good, very good!”

that even Oki and Tvassaki, to say nothing about Tadzuki, were greatly superior to him in learning, as they finished their education in European hospitals, while he had never set foot out of Japan; but in emergencies where intuition or inspiration were called upon—when (if I may express myself so) the doctor had to strain his nerves to the utmost to examine the inside of a wound—then it was only he, who was naturally endowed with these qualities, who could do it! And many a time he by a keen stroke of the knife, without having recourse to any anæsthetic whatever, would solve a problem before which his learned colleagues would stop short in embarrassment.

To start with, the “man-ripper” examined me by means of X-rays, and declared categorically that the bone was merely touched and there were no exfoliations, and then, absorbed in deep thought, he scrutinised the wound steadfastly, . . . and lo! with a few sharp movements of the hand, in which flitted now a knife and now scissors, he dashed off everything that he found superfluous, and this with such lightning speed, that I could hardly catch my breath to give vent to an hundred horse-power oath.

“*Camaw nah! Seemaimasta! Itchi-ban*

dess!"¹ he was saying, laughing merrily, and patting me on the shoulder, while his assistants were bandaging up my leg.

"*Naneemo nie!*"² I returned, trying to assume the same nonchalant tone.

I recollect vividly how, upon being installed once again in bed, I kept on talking to Volunteer Maximoff, who (bless him) tried to appease me as best he could, listening patiently to my incoherent chatter, in which reminiscences of the Port Arthur siege mingled with those of my former campaigns, plans about future developments of the war, and so on and so on, even dreams about "wiping the slate" and "a sweeping revenge."

This helped me to keep oblivious of the continuous pains in the carved-up right leg . . . pains, now burning, now aching, and anon shooting. The other wounds and contusions I did not bother about; they seemed to me to be mere scratches.

Once more they gave me to drink some sour stuff which they called "red wine," and I fell asleep.

Mainly under the soporific influence of this

¹ "Right ho. All over. Splendid."

² "Of course, it's nothing."

beverage, that was administered to me at the end of the morning and evening dressings, and also at bedtime, the few subsequent days drifted by, as it were, in a mist.

On May 27 I was carried from the separate room which was allotted to me, into the general ward, where all the wounded Russian officers and conductors brought to Sassebo were gathered—twenty-two men in all.

Doctor Tvassaki was charged with the general superintendence of this ward. This man earned, not the deepest gratitude only, but the fervent love of all his patients. Here was a man who might appear on the Judgment Day itself with uplifted head, armed with a red-cross band, and firmly conscious that neither the Archangel's sword of fire nor the threshold of hell would check him from helping the sufferers. . . .

On May 22 I felt a little easier, my temperature having abated somewhat. Through the medium of the assistant-surgeon of the ward, I procured a copy-book and a lead pencil from the hospital shop, and filled in the week's blank in my diary in the abrupt, unfinished sentences cited above.

It turned out, however, that I put too great a strain on my strength. I got very much

worse. Tvassaki flew into a rage, scolded the assistant furiously, and took my diary away from me.

After this sudden check to my convalescence, I was apparently very bad for several days, as not only was nothing recorded in my diary during that time, but they have remained a perfect blank in my memory ever since. On May 28, however, Dr Tvassaki, yielding presumably to my pressing requests, gave me my copy-book for a moment. I have only scrawled a solitary sentence :—

“Stretched out leg for the first time.”

This phrase calls for certain explanations. The fact of the matter is, that in addition to the splinter of the enemy's projectile, which tore a considerable amount of flesh out of my right leg, Dr Oki, the “man-ripper,” and finally Dr Tvassaki, removed from that wound so much more “superfluous matter,” that my leg was almost bared to the bone, and, in common parlance, the flesh had to grow again. And at that everyone of them pounced down on me in turn, crying that I alone was to blame for this—for why did not I get dressed right away !

Anyhow, the only position which I could maintain without suffering unbearably was

lying prone on my back, with the right leg doubled up (the knee was propped up by a specially adjusted bracket). Every movement would produce excruciating shooting pains down at the bottom of the wound. And this is why this above-mentioned event was all-important to me then.

“Stretched out leg for the first time,” I recorded then, and nothing else, although on that very day we had, all of us, received a delicious remedy, which, in its healing effect, beat all the drugs and even surgical skill all to nothing—a healing balm: that’s the true name for it!

I say this again: that nothing is recorded in my diary about that, and therefore I have to fall back considerably on other sources, partly on documents which subsequently came into my hands, and partly on the accounts of comrades.

Sharing, as I do, the unshakable belief that only such notes as have been chronicled directly on the spur of the moment can be considered valuable as historic data, and by no means “reminiscences” of any kind—and particularly those of the wounded—I shall try to be brief.

I remember how an old Japanese hospital attendant came running to my bedside and read

to me, gasping and panting in his excitement, an article from a Japanese paper, written in such high-flown style, that he himself could not understand half of what was said in it, but whereof the meaning was clear :—

“The Russian Mikado thanked his warriors who had shed their blood for their country.”

“Tell all your comrades about it, quick ! What joy for all of you !” he kept saying.

I don't know whether I have translated correctly the text of the Emperor's message addressed to Admiral Rojěstvensky ; but in any case, even in my imperfect interpretation, it elicited such great enthusiasm, that all those who were able to move about were soon densely clustered together round my bed ; and those who were pinned down to theirs were fuming with angry impatience, and demanding that the “lights”¹ should write down and impart to them this glorious intelligence.

For each one, down in his heart, was gnawed by the one besetting thought : “True, I was wounded and helpless, but still I am in captivity. Will it be considered and any allowances made ? Will it be understood that it has happened through no fault of mine ?

¹ So were the slightly wounded patients called in discrimination from “heavies.”

That we were doomed by fate and not lack of energy or fear of death . . . ?”

And here—oh, bliss—such a message!

I will cite here the actual text of the message, that sped like lightning throughout all the wards of the hospital, and gave relief even to those whose hours were already numbered, and who had not even strength enough left in them for a jolly good “hurrah,” who had but to die with the consciousness of their heroic deed being remembered and appreciated, and they died in happiness and peace of mind. . . .

Here is what was said in the Japanese paper: “To-day, Admiral Rojēstvensky received the following reply from the Emperor, in response to his telegram reporting the calamity that had befallen his squadron:—

“‘I thank you from the bottom of my soul, and all those belonging to the squadron who have honestly fulfilled their duty in the battle, for their self-denying service to their country and to me. It was not willed by the Almighty that Providence should crown your great deed with success, but your undaunted courage will for ever be a source of pride to the Fatherland. I wish you a quick recovery, and may God Almighty give all of you consolation.’”

Comments on the subject soon followed:

that a hero vanquished in an uneven fight is still a hero; that the recklessness of the brave is always apt to elicit more admiration than the discretion of the wise; that there are misfortunes which elevate their sufferers to greater heights; that the blood shed in the cause of one's country is evidently equally appreciated in Russia and Japan; and so on, and so forth. . . .

Yes. That was a glorious day.

Then again an interval of seven days ensued which passed without any entry in the diary. I have a distinct recollection of but one thing, that I was being carried to and from the operating ward twice a day—in the morning and in the evening—and that there invariably was more clipping, and trimming, and cleansing. But what tormented me more than all these excursions, was the ominous thought of the future.

Being, as I was, sufficiently familiar with the ways and customs of the Japanese, I was certain that I would be subjected to an examination, and that they would not be put off with the purely formal excuse, that I had left the *Diana* prior to the ship's official disarmament. Through their agents they were informed, of course, that the order of dis-

armament was received on August 22 (this telegram, as I have said in the *Rasplata*, was not even in cipher), and knew also full well, that, even officially, the disarmament ensued on August 27, while my departure from Saigon took place on September 2 only, and for that matter could not possibly have taken place sooner, as there was not a single boat sailing for Europe from that port before that date.

So that, in point of fact, I was an officer from a battleship which was disarmed in a neutral port, who, thus released on parole, nevertheless had taken his place again in the fighting line.

In cases of this description, martial justice is notoriously brief and the verdict is clear.

Why, if the English did not hesitate about shooting Sheffers, who was captured hopelessly ill and was brought to the place of execution on a stretcher—what, then, could be expected of the Japanese?

This thought tormented me beyond description. . . . And not exactly the thought of imminent death (one grows accustomed to this idea, when always expecting to face it day and night—any hour—at any odd moment in course of many a long month)—no, it was the method. “To be strangled by the throat, to dangle from

a rope, like a common thief. . . . Ough ! The horror of it ! ”

But then I had hopes—I was reminded of an incident of the land campaign. Our men had captured two Japanese spies, who were convicted and summarily sentenced to be hanged ; they had sent a petition to Kuropatkin, requesting to be spared this ignominious death, and pleading that, being as they were, officers of the army, they went into that spying business not for their own sakes, but in the interests of their country. The request was granted, and they were afforded the privilege of an honourable death. . . .

But might not such a petition be a humiliation on my part ? Why, this would amount to pleading for quarter ! And from whom ? The Mikado ! Was this permissible ? Ought not I rather to “suffer to the end ?”

I even shared my misgivings with several of my comrades, but they dispelled them :—“Why, of course, you can !” And I made up my mind to, if it came to the worst ; . . . and if I was to ask at all, well, I would ask, by the way, that . . . it should not be in a convict’s garb but in my own old tunic, that had seen so many battles, and without blindfolding, as was done with Sheffers.

My fears were by no means the result of

unhinged nerves, or of feverish anxiety. There were facts galore, confirming all the intractability of the Japanese in similar cases. An officer was quoted, who, upon being likewise "interned" at Chefoo, tried to reach Vladivostok on board a passenger boat, but was arrested, and although nothing could of course prove his supposed intention to take a part in the fighting again (he said that he simply wanted to go home by rail, instead of sailing all round the world), was nevertheless sentenced to eight years' hard labour.

I was informed also, that all the wounded officers were interrogated about particulars: What ship is he from? Where was he before? etc.

Nobody came to me, and here the ominous question arose: Why?

Was it because I was being spared the excitement at the instance of the doctors, while I was yet a serious case, or simply because my fate had been already settled?

CHAPTER III

The commencement of a regular diary—Some side-lights on the much-extolled “chivalry”—The prisoners’ *régime*.

A NOTE, dated June 7, said: “A definite improvement is in progress. Wounds closing up fast.”

June 8.—The danger of blood-poisoning is past.

After this an incident followed which I would not record there and then, for fear lest the Japs should read it, but which was deeply imprinted in my memory.

At last I was in my turn subjected to an examination such as all my comrades had long since undergone. Fate had ordained that it should be conducted by a staff officer who was acting in the capacity of assistant to the Japanese naval attaché in St Petersburg prior to the outbreak of the war, and who had visited Kronstadt several times “to have a

look round everything that was to be seen." He spoke fairly good Russian. At that time I was acting as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief (Admiral S. O. Makaroff), and in my official capacity I rendered him all possible assistance and hospitality. Thus, two or three times, instead of the customary "meal" at the Naval Assembly, he took his lunch with me, and (as I have reason to believe) did not forget my hospitality.

Needless to say, we recognised each other instantly, and exchanged greetings as old friends, externally at least. Whereupon the following dialogue took place:—

"And so, just before the commencement of the war, you gave up your highly honourable position, and enlisted for active service?"

"Yes, sir, I was appointed chief officer of the *Boyarín*."

"But it is known that the *Boyarín* perished before your arrival, so you were for some time in command of the torpedo-boat *Reshitelny*."

"Hang it all, how well posted they are about everything!" I thought.

"That is quite true," I answered.

"And then you were appointed chief officer of the *Angara*. . . . Oh, I understand full well how angry you must have been about that! Was it not so?"

"Naturally," I answered cautiously, feeling the approach of the critical moment.

"And then . . . pardon me, but it is very strange, that from the *Angara* you should have reappeared on the *Survōroff*! At the capitulation of Port Arthur you were not in the lists of the sick and wounded, who were sent back to Russia on parole. Where were you then? How did you get into the second squadron?"

"Why, is the fellow mocking me?" flitted through my mind. "Doesn't he know that I only spent three weeks on the *Angara*?"

Still, I preserved my composure, and replied coolly: "You will agree, that were you in my place, you would refrain from vouchsafing replies to such questions? Many things are done in warfare. . . . And the war is not over yet, by far. You don't expect me to divulge even the most insignificant of its secrets. . . ."

"Why, no! nothing of the kind!" said the Jap, hurriedly. "I was asking you as a friend, out of sheer curiosity, how it came about that you turned up on the *Survōroff* from the captured *Angara*. *We can't make this out.*"

He put a sharp emphasis on the last phrase, and forthwith started taking his leave, wishing

me quick recovery, and repeating in a hurried manner: "That's all right, you know. That'll be all right, you know."

I was left more nonplussed than ever.

Now I have come to think (perhaps I am mistaken) that the Japanese remembered having partaken of my "bread and salt," and winked, as it were, at his duty, by treating the matter in a purely perfunctory way. He allowed himself to be satisfied with my non-committal reply, without talking to my fellow-officers, some of whom might have betrayed me quite unknowingly, let alone interrogating some of the wounded bluejackets, who would be sure in their naïve artlessness to start bragging about their exploits on the *Diana*.

Now I know, of course, exactly what it was that I was indebted to my inquisitor for, and how he could, without incurring any risk of responsibility, dismiss the matter in such a perfunctory way—but then I was anxiously racking my brains in suspense.

Then I could not have suspected the existence of a purely clerical error of our staff of the Admiralty, thanks to which my old acquaintance found it possible, without breaking his orders, to save from the Japanese court-martial a fellow helplessly prostrate on the sick-bed.

The fact of the matter is, that (owing to an oversight) my appointment to the commission of chief officer of the cruiser *Diana* was not published in the imperial orders to the Naval Department; wherefore in the list of the admirals and officers of the staff (official publication of the Admiralty) revised up to June 1, 1904, I was still named as chief officer of the transport *Angara*, and in the same list, revised up to January 1, 1905, figured already as being "on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief of the Second Squadron of the Pacific Fleet."

It must be said here, in explanation of my bewilderment at the apparent ignorance of my inquisitor, that the Japanese—whose information service was generally conducted in an ideal manner—carefully followed all the movements of the complements of both our army and navy, basing their information on the official documents, without considering for a moment the possibility of any errors or omissions in such data.

The following amusing incident was said to have taken place at the roll-call of the prisoners of Port Arthur.

"Your name?"

"Colonel Yrman!"

"You are mistaken, there is no colonel of this name," says the Japanese officer.

“What do you mean? I am Colonel Yrman!”

“Pardon me, but I must correct you—you are Major-General Yrman. You have been promoted to that rank in one of the latest orders, which probably failed to reach you. I shall be pleased to communicate to you the date and number of the order in question at the earliest possible opportunity. I regret not having them handy now. . . .”

In any case, this accurate and up-to-date information of the Japanese, stood me in good stead, as precluding the necessity of any investigations. In their eyes I was the chief officer of the transport *Angara*, who had contrived to “bolt” somehow from blockaded Port Arthur and join the second squadron.

My inquisitor might have known that there was a Semenoff among the “interned” officers of the *Diana*, but the Semenoffs are about as numerous in Russia as Smiths are in England. And had he asked me: “And prior to *Surōroff*, were you not the chief officer of the *Diana*?”—I would not have attempted to deny the fact, deeming such an attempt to be both utterly futile and unworthy.

But the examination was conducted in such a manner as to avert this involuntary confession. All this I understand now; but then, as

I said, I was in the dark, and therefore torn by suspense.

Everything seemed suspicious to me—the special attention extended to me, the friendly talk of the assistant surgeon, who said that he had taken a part in the siege of Port Arthur, and especially the efforts of the chief surgeon to get me up on crutches as soon as possible, whereas he severely deprecated any “fidgeting” on the part of my comrades. It is very likely, that all this was the effect of nervous tension and worry; that I was not being spied upon any more than my comrades; still, all this could have but a very injurious effect on the progress of my convalescence. A fever broke out again, and in the night of June 13, quite unexpectedly, a copious hæmorrhage set in afresh—not only were the bandages soaked right through, but even the sheets were bespattered with blood. And this a month after the infliction of the wounds!

From the diary :—

“To-day Tvassaki said . . . he doesn’t like it. . . . Was scouring inside with a spoon, picked everything open. Afterwards stopped the hole with iodoformed foundation muslin.

“*June 14.*—It is four weeks exactly to-day since I have been laid up here, and as yet cannot think of walking. It is a good job, though,

that the bone is intact and the ischial nerve unbroken."

"*June 16.*—Took a few steps on crutches. Am tormented by mosquitoes and changeable weather. Now it's hot, now a cold draught. Catching frequent colds, which makes things much worse."

[Of course, this could not have been so (even at night the external temperature seldom fell below 73° F.), and these complaints about catching colds must be put down to my general weakness and overwrought system.]

"*June 18.*—A marked improvement has set in. Left toe very annoying. Wound and slit (made at the operation) have healed up, but big toe is very sensitive, and I am at a loss to know how I shall ever be able to put on a boot."

From that day (June 18) onward my diary settles again into the old regular groove and assumes its ordinary aspect. Every incident and event, however insignificant, of my everyday life and surroundings is recorded briefly, but with sufficient accuracy to allow for the subsequent reconstruction not only of the general impression, but also of details.

It is true, a good many things were written in *précis*, and others were only hinted at

ambiguously, for fear lest the Japs, who kept a watchful eye on all our movements, might come to read these jottings.

This constant spying, this suspicion, weighed upon us beyond endurance, the more so, as it could hardly be justified by the "necessity of war."

I want to say a few words in general on the subject of this "convicts' leper-house" *régime* that we were being subjected to.

All through the war the Japanese papers, and more especially the "pro-Jap" ones, assiduously cultivated a whole romantic legend about the chivalrous treatment that all the war prisoners met with on the part of our enemies, to say nothing about the wounded, and I trust therefore that this brief digression will not be found to be misplaced.

Strictly adhering to my hard-and-fast rule—to rely upon personal observations only, to take those facts alone for granted that I have seen with my own eyes and, moreover, have recorded on the spot—I shall not repeat here all the evidence that I have accumulated from others about that "chivalrous treatment" enjoyed by those prisoners who had surrendered without being wounded. They themselves can, if they feel so inclined, tell their own tales of woe, and more eloquently,

no doubt, than I could do for them. I shall speak about the state of affairs only which existed at Sassebo, whither I was brought after the battle of Tsushima, and whence I was released only after the peace negotiations had been actually concluded, that is, during the period occupied by the ratifying of the treaty. During this period many petty comforts and liberties were indulged in by prisoners and many little breaches of hospital discipline were winked at, so that it never fell to my lot to go through "the real thing" in the war prisoners' *régime*; but how the wounded officers fared, let the readers see for themselves from the following truthful statement of bare facts:—

Five officers of the general staff, twelve superior commissioned officers, one non-commissioned officer, and two "conductors"—twenty men in all—were confined in a single ward, usually occupied by the common Japanese sailors, and this was by no means through lack of space. To say nothing about the empty separate rooms, intended for the seriously wounded, a whole series of the so-called "officers' wards" were absolutely empty. In these wards the beds were separated from one another by adjustable partitions, and each of the little sections was

lighted by its own window, and, generally speaking, the accommodation was incomparably superior to that of the "sailors' wards."

In our ward, the beds stood about a yard apart. At night-time there was no rest from the incessant groaning and moaning of those who had been badly wounded, and from the mutterings and incoherent ejaculations of those who were raving; in the daytime the constant chattering of the lighter cases disturbed the more serious ones just brought from the operating theatre, depriving them even of a short rest. . . . The authorities of the hospital would not furnish us with screens even; although everybody knows that such things are common enough in Japan, even in the poorest households. . . .

"But why did not you complain?" . . . you may ask me.

"Why, simply because refusal would be certain; and what is more, there would be malicious relish in this refusal, a triumphing over helpless men who had the cheek to complain and ask favours."

In the Middle Ages, when knighthood flourished at its height, every violence inflicted on a prisoner, captured in a fair fight, was considered to be a disgrace. The term itself,

“a fair fight,” signified an encounter of two belligerents who believed in the honour of war, who were ready to fight to the very last, but who also esteemed each other as equals.

In Japan this rule was utterly unknown.

In Japan, the business of a spy, which the most impoverished tenth-rate lance-knight would shrink from in utter disgust, was, from time immemorial, considered highly valorous. The object of war was not only victory and conquest, but revenge and enslavement.

In the eyes of a European knight, the braver the resistance offered by an enemy, the more he rose in one's esteem, and *vice versa*. According to the Japanese tradition, the more persevering was the enemy in his fight, the more terrible were the tortures that awaited him.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion considered Saladin “his brother in arms;” but Cheedayosee (the Japanese Napoleon, as he is called) brought home, as trophies from his invasion of Korea, 40,000 Korean ears and noses, and over this gruesome pile he erected a monument. Can these “ears and noses” call forth anything but disgust? are they not a hundred times more abominable than the pyramids of human skulls,

piled up by Tamerlane, which provoke general horror?

Long ages of history, full of sanguine cruelty, imbued with but one motto: "Woe to the vanquished!" could not pass without leaving their effect, without stamping the soul of the nation with that stigma of barbarity, only the outer crust of which could be washed off by a paltry thirty or forty years' contact with European culture.

"The authorities have ordered that these war-prisoners be treated in accordance with European customs, for otherwise Japan would be unable to enter the circle of the great Powers. This is indispensable. Do you understand?

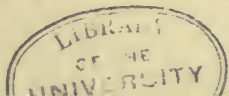
"Aye, aye. For the benefit of our country we are prepared for any sacrifice—even to the extent of foregoing our sacred privilege of getting our fill of well-earned revenge upon these wretches who have fallen into our hands, and ought really to be torn limb from limb, broken upon a wheel, skinned, quartered, and thrown to the dogs."

Yes! I will say this openly and consciously!—we were treated like criminals, who, so far from being sent packing, were chosen by the authorities to be cured and waited upon. And these orders were being

carried out externally ; but it seemed as though the very atmosphere of the hospital was permeated to satiation with rancour and malevolence. It found expression in endless stinging pricks to our honour and self-respect, in petty annoyances and vexations which made our lives a burden to us.

In this country of the quintessence of etiquette and decorum—in this country of elaborate traditional courtesy, where, in course of conversation between two persons equal in rank, education, and social position, no pronouns are used, but by allusions to the “great mansion” or the “highly honourable lady,” the dwelling and wife of the other man are understood, and the speaker’s own home and wife are referred to as “the filthy hut” and “the miserable woman”—in this country where a whole cult of “ceremonies” has been preserved through scores of generations—the *personnel* of the hospital, in addressing us wounded officers, called us simply by our names, cutting out the rank, and even the plain *san* (“mister”), without which even servants are never addressed by their masters.

You should have seen the interpreters, who spoke a little Russian (picked up in Vladivostok and Port Arthur, where most of



them had been employed as shop-assistants, cooks, messengers, and servants)—performing the ceremony, especially relished by them, of distributing the mail. They would appear in the ward with a batch of letters in their hands, and call out with gusto:

“Bardin! (a sailor orderly) Letter!”

“Philipporski! (colonel in the army) Letter!” and the letter was thrust in his face with studied insolence.

A propos of the letters. What could we divulge, in our helpless condition, from the hospital beds, in our letters home, that could possibly be of any military import? And yet not only were all our letters censored, but even their dimensions were strictly limited—no more than two postcards per week.

And the letters, papers, and periodicals from home were censored so painstakingly, that this function took from a month to six weeks from the day of their arrival.

This is not all. Even papers published in Japan (in English) were not all allowed, even though paid for; and those that were permitted passed a second censorship by the authorities, and many numbers were confiscated.

Well, if this is not the *régime* of a convicts' leper-house, I wonder what is!

As if to complete the likeness, even the exer-

cise of the patients (many of whom were able to move about from the outset, and stood indeed in great need of motion) was confined to given hours and to a little clear space of ground in front of the barracks.

One more circumstance, which plainly characterises all this malevolence: all the wards in the hospital, except ours, were attended by nurses. We had male hospital attendants, and even these were furtively watched. Directly the authorities noticed that some assistant surgeon or attendant was beginning to get on good terms with a patient, and began to give him a little more attention than the barest necessity required, he would instantly be removed; and thus, within three months, the staff of attendants was changed completely more than three times. Nothing of the kind took place in other wards.

To resume: upon reviewing, in my mind's eye, the various hardships and vexations that we had to go through, I come to the conclusion that if, instead of having our noses and ears cut off, we were even cured, it was done for the sheer advantage of it, and not at all out of the chivalrous feelings which would be in vain looked for in the military past of Japan.

Needless to say, all that I have said applies

but to the general run of the Japanese : such good Samaritans as doctors Tvassaki and Oki, or such perfect gentlemen as the naval officers Nomoto, Tanaka, and others, who used to visit us in the hospital, are of course exempt from this generalisation. But all those mentioned above have dwelt so long in the centres of European culture, always moving in very good society, that they have not only acquired refinement and education, but were also enabled to combine in their characters, on the common background of the cult of courage and self-denial, Christian ideals and the traditions of our "knighthood."

Of course such a metamorphosis is quite possible for individuals, but exceptions only prove the rule.

CHAPTER IV

The first newspapers from Russia—General indignation—Hopes, and plans, and anxiety—The Admiral undergoing an operation—Peace negotiations commenced—The pusillanimous inactivity of General Linievitch—The surrender of Saghalien—The typhoon—Collapse of the hospital barracks.

UP to this point I have never once mentioned the impression which was produced upon all the wounded in general, and upon me in particular, by the intelligence of Admiral Nebogatoff's surrender with four ironclads; and this omission is not due to any special considerations, but solely to my desire to stick to my diary.

There is no doubt that this news was imparted to us on the day after the event; but all through the first month or so of our confinement in the hospital not a word was mentioned on this subject in my diary; and if my memory does not deceive me, I had

accepted the information with perfect indifference. My attention had constantly been absorbed by the momentous and *painful* question as to what they would do with me at the next dressing.

June 20 was a day of joy.

“To-day washed myself at the tap, standing up.”

This meant that I had reached the lavatory alone, and managed my toilet without help. But . . . from the lavatory window a corner of the harbour could be seen, and I was obligingly shown . . . *Nicolas I.* emerging from the docks. . . .

“. . . Gone somewhere under her own steam . . .” I could hardly keep back tears of bitterness. . . . Japanese flag—Name *Tki*. Merciful God, what a disgrace!—and right in her wake *Apraxine* . . . going to test her engines. . . .”

So only now, a month after the blow was inflicted, did the pain make itself felt! To such an extent had everything been overshadowed by the question as to whether there would be more operating on me to-day or not.

June 21.—No changes (meaning the wounds). Worry and more worry. . . . What awaits us upon our return?—Regeneration of the navy,

a living spirit in the training, live men instead of bureaucratic officials, fulfilment of duty instead of mere getting through the "red-tape" routine. . . . Good words these. . . . But who will effect this?—Those who have created the mess in which we now are, are sitting securely in their easy-chairs . . . the war has not touched them. . . . No! it's no use . . . oh, if I could shake all this off, and go away and plunge headlong into some hard work! . . .

Yes, it was hard lines.

June 25.—The day before yesterday I went upstairs again to the Admiral and spent two hours with him. The sitting position is obviously bad for me. All night through after that visit, and all through yesterday, there were violent shooting pains at the bottom of the wound. Must be the ischial nerve. I am lying about slack and exhausted.

I must have felt very bad, but still I could not resist going up to see the Admiral again. It was not I alone—all of us, officers and sailors, were cherishing the hope, that "he" would recover and would "pull through." Hardly any one of us had any definite conception of what we meant by "pulling through," but we all understood each other; all clung to this hope, for we all knew what a difference there was between that brilliant Admiral who left

Libau and that Chief who was leading us to face death at Tsushima. He—the Chief—suffered in all the sorrow and trials of this fateful voyage more fully and deeply than any one of us. It was he who led us into the battle, about the issue of which he had reported, five months before, with a warrior's straightforwardness, that he entertained no hopes of success.

“Do you remember the first message of the Czar?” the younger ones among us urged passionately. “And the subsequent ones? Those inquiries about his future fitness for work? Has anyone had more opportunities of personally experiencing the evil effects of the old unbending and stereotyped routine? He won't leave a single stone unturned ‘under the spire,’¹ when he gets back, you may be sure. Let him get about again, that's all!”

How touchingly naïve were all these young midshipmen, and even we, with our wider experience, who had seen a thing or two already, were not much better, for we had forgotten the old adage: “Favoured by the Czar, but disfavoured by his dog-keeper.”

¹ The building of the Admiralty in St Petersburg is remarkable for its tall golden spire—“the needle of the Admiralty,” as Poushchine calls it.—ED.

Still, I paid another visit to the Admiral on the 25th, and was rejoiced to find him "in good humour; wounds getting on very well; temperature normal." But my pilgrimages to the second floor did not let me off scot-free. The next one I could undertake was only on July 1, and in the intermediate time I was pretty bad, judging by the brevity and general appearance of my notes.

July 4.—The big wound partly healed . . . very painful. . . .

July 5.—This night we had some fun. A fresh breeze sprang up from the west (possibly a typhoon is progressing further down to the south) and blew down the scaffolding of the barracks, that are being built alongside of ours. Wound very painful to touch. It used always to be very comfortable after a dressing, and now I have to lie still, like a mummy, without shifting the leg at all. Wind stiffening. Almost a regular gale. Raining. Oh, for a good ship in mid-ocean! Wrapped up in a "sou-wester," raincoat, and top-boots . . . pouring in torrents from above, seas dashing across the deck. . . . But who cares! The ship is ploughing ahead on its course; bearings are known; course kept correct. Fullest confidence and . . . blow, ye winds! lash, ye torrents! rage and rave, ye seas! You won't scare me—I know

I am stronger than you! And I shall go where I will!

What exultant moments those are, full of proud consciousness of one's own power and command! Will this ever come again? And when?

Forgive me, if these extracts from my diary lack polish, but let it be remembered that all this was written on a hospital bed.

July 6.—Yesterday, all day long a storm was raging . . . leg gave me no rest, may be owing to the weather. Dressing very painful . . . walking or sitting impossible. And even lying is not much better. . . . Hang it all! Only a week ago it seemed to me that everything was well on the way towards recovery.

July 9.—Even Tvassaki (and he is always encouraging) said to-day: "No good." What's the matter? Can't make all this out. Lying most of the time. Hopping about (when necessary) on crutches.

I was not the only one who experienced this severe check in the progress of convalescence. It seemed as though some sort of an epidemic was sweeping through our ward. Quite a number of those who long

before had been walking about and had even ventured outside, were laid up again. Everybody evinced a peculiar nervousness and irritability. All kept snarling at the attendants, and quarrelling with each other.

It was Tvassaki who found out the microbe at last. It was the first batch of back numbers of the *Novoye Vremya*, wherein Mr Klado was unravelling day by day, before the Russian public, an utterly fantastic story of the battle, based for the most part upon sundry odd bits of information—sensational telegrams of American correspondents, and such like—strung on to the erratic thread of Mr Klado's own flighty imagination. And it was upon this flimsy foundation that Mr Klado was reconstructing all the circumstances of our defeat. And what a monstrous, outrageous concoction all this was!

It was the very same Mr Klado, who, writing in this same *Novoye Vremya* but four months before, was proving scientifically and as plain as daylight, that the squadron, pining away in weary suspense off Madagascar, had still "fair chances of success," even after Port Arthur had fallen; and if only it should be "reinforced" by some old, furbished-up scrap-iron (the "self-sinkers" of Admiral Nebogatoff), then it would not be "chances" any more, but

a dead certainty! Well, now he was nonchalantly evolving, by strictly logical methods, the “self-evident reasons” of a defeat unparalleled in the history of war. And the reasons were, of course, incapacity, utter ignorance, and lack of warlike valour in those who were simply and unostentatiously going to die.

Imagine a situation like this: that, travelling somewhere on the outskirts of the world (say, in Argentina), you happened to be run over by a motor car, horribly mangled and laid up in a hospital; and in the meanwhile, at the other extremity of the world, far away in St Petersburg, a man, who had risen to a prominent position and enjoyed social esteem and confidence, was circulating in a systematic manner among your friends and acquaintances a rumour—oh, nothing definite, it may all be gossip, don’t you know—but still, there are current *very persistent* rumours, don’t you know, that Mr N. had not been run over at all, but—so people say—had been caught red-handed at a club, card-cheating, had been badly knocked about, and finally thrown down the stairs.

“I am surprised at N., really I am; I wouldn’t have believed such a thing of him, would you? He always gave one the impression of being

such a decent sort, don't you know! It only shows you how careful one must be in choosing one's associates," and so on.

Now imagine, in addition to this, that the man knew all along, when doing this, that, owing to certain special conditions you were bound to absolute silence, until that very remote and problematical day, when you were released and returned home. Then you will have to struggle against a firmly established, and already deeply ingrained popular conviction, and will have to attempt to dissuade people who cut you dead, or who only listen to you with an air of bored politeness.

And this was exactly the situation that, upon the arrival of the news, we realised ourselves to be in.

"Calomniez, calomniez ! il en restera toujours quelque chose !" the Frenchmen say ; and this rule had the wider scope and more propitious conditions, because the victims of the slander would be enabled to raise their voices against those who slandered them behind their backs only after many months had elapsed (how many they knew not), even if they lived to do so at all.

And this is why, to the extreme dissatisfaction of the chief surgeon and the "man-ripper," our officers' ward presented a picture in

the first half of July, that differed very little from the end of May.

July 10.—Have been laid up all yesterday. Apparently peace of mind is just as necessary as rest of body. Dressing was a regular torture. Now (even after two hours) I can hardly keep from howling! The effort to contain myself throws me all into a sweat.

4 P.M.—Exhausted by these exertions, I fell asleep quite unexpectedly, and so soundly, that they hardly managed to wake me up towards the end of lunch. When I lie quite still there is no pain.

July 12.—Was not tormented particularly this time, but owing to cauterization with chloric zinc, there is such a maddening burning, that I am literally and incessantly wriggling about on my bed.

2 P.M.—Thank God! The Admiral has been able to undergo the operation at last. (Hitherto fears were entertained that he would not live through it), and a piece of bone has been successfully removed that had got jammed under the edge of the broken skull.

Night.—The Admiral bears up famously (so they say)—no pains, no fever, no exhaustion. What a triumph! All the time the thought was lurking in the background — what if he

succumbs? In that case would it not have been better for him to perish in the fight, than to go and meet such an ignominious death—a prisoner in the enemy's hospital!

July 13.—Were probing my wound mercilessly to-day. Tvassaki says: "Can't make head or tail of this wound; it's quite a puzzle to me; some of the holes get cicatrized, others open up again."

Dull, continuous aching. Weather wretched—rain, wind, and awfully desolate. Just like autumn. And the same miserable weather inside my soul. Such rot is written in the papers about what is going on in Russia. I hope to God that all of it is not true. . . . Discussions spring up ever and anon—all about the future. Cheerless talk. . . . We want Peter the Great, that's whom we want! Heroic, sweeping measures! . . . Who up there, on top, will attempt a sharp "switch-off" from the old groove! To "sidetrack" those who have attained their commanding positions chiefly owing to connections, relationships, etc.? One cannot expect them to acknowledge of their own accord the necessity for their own removal and for filling their places with the right kind of people. . . .

July 14.—Poor, hapless Russia! Even the English are looking on in consternation, and

cry : (*Nagasaki Press*) "If one could imagine a nation that is bent on burying itself in its own ruins, that spectacle would be presented by Russia."

July 19.—Last night I again risked going upstairs to see the Admiral.

(My diary is here filled with nothing else but details of dressings and progress of the wounds. I will pass them over as being devoid of any interest.)

July 23.—All's well. Good news from Russia ; that is, not from Russia exactly, but about Russia. It is reported in the *Nagasaki Press*, that there is going to be no peace, as the Emperor has telegraphed to Commander-in-Chief Linievitch : "Neither surrender of territory, nor indemnity." And here the Japs have already printed maps, with Manchuria, Korea, Saghalien, and the whole of the Primorskaya province marked as their possessions, not to speak of all the Russian battleships dismantled in the neutral ports and a war indemnity of five milliards. . . .

Thank God ! all have bucked up wonderfully.

True, it's hard lines to be dragging on this wretched existence, but . . . sooner die in captivity, if that's part of the price of an honourable peace for Russia.

July 24.—All goes well. I am promised a quick recovery. Time goes by so wearily, especially in view of the impending peace negotiations. I wish I could fall asleep and wake up in, say, three weeks' time. . . . What's the worst about it is—there's nothing definite. Surely we can't believe all that's being said in the papers?

It must be said here, that we all earnestly believed (or would have liked to believe) in the declaration of General Linievitch about his readiness to take the offensive, and we were very hopeful that, perchance, even when the negotiations were in progress, he could have some successful encounter, and thus put some kind of a trump card in our diplomats' hands. . . . But further developments, which we were looking forward to with feverish impatience, shattered our hopes. Linievitch persevered in his inactivity. Mistshenko suffered a set back in his raid. . . . And Saghalien? Here is what I have written about Saghalien, summarising the general opinion of the whole population of our ward:—

“A new disgrace on top to finish up with. If it had been decided to give up defending Saghalien, they ought to have evacuated the island. But as the troops stayed there, their

duty was to fight. The Japanese acknowledge themselves that, what with the lack of roads and an intersected country, Liapunoff could have given them a very nasty time with the force at his command."

On July 26 an incident took place, which somewhat stirred up the monotony of our existence. A typhoon came our way, whereof the centre passed just a little north of Sassebo. From early morning a stiff east wind set in. At 3.30 P.M. the two-storied barracks that were being built alongside of ours, and the scaffolding of which had been blown down three weeks ago, collapsed. Now it was already covered up with a roof (the Japanese build the wooden framework of a house first, surmount the skeleton with a heavy roof, and then start filling in the walls). The avalanche was a fearful sight. I was slumbering on my bed, when suddenly I was startled by a cracking noise and the shriek of Midshipman D——, "It's falling!" I turned round and looked out of the big window, close to which my bed stood, and lo! I saw the gigantic wreck actually crashing right down upon us. . . . I forgot all about my wounds and bounced off to the opposite wall with the lightness of an antelope. But all came off right, as I had misjudged

the distance. Our barracks were only struck by a few detached logs. At 5.30 P.M. the wind shifted almost due south, always stiffening. Quite decent-sized trees were being uprooted and dragged along the earth. Piles were torn off the roofs and flew about in mid-air like a flight of jackdaws. In the central two-storied building, a wall was blown in by the pressure of the wind; crowds of workmen rushed to prop it up. At 6 o'clock serious fears arose, lest the two-storied barracks, where the Admiral's room was situated, should collapse. He was brought to us on a stretcher, dishevelled by the wind and considerably wetted by the rain. The storm reached its culminating point about 7 P.M. At 10 the wind shifted S.W., and commenced slacking off. The total result was, that all the two-storied houses of the hospital were considerably damaged, and three of them had had their roofs blown off altogether.

On July 27 my big wound was completely filled up and cicatrized.

"Thank God," I wrote in my diary.—High time, too. No less than seventy-four days have elapsed since it was inflicted.

August 4.—No desire to write at all. Peace negotiations are under way. The newspaper reports are very vague and ambiguous. Still,

what was Linievitch bragging for? Feeling wretched.

August 6.—Took a walk. Moving very slow, and only for half an hour, but was completely tired out.

CHAPTER V

Convalescence—I become revolutionary—Our gilded youth—Peace—A painful day—From Sassebo to Ninoshima—The manifesto of August 6—Talk and comment—Peace concluded—Disappointment and riots in Japan—Departure of the prisoners on board the *Yenkai-Maru*.

THOSE only to whose lot it has fallen to live through a heavy and dangerous illness, and one made worse by incessant pain, will be able to understand fully my experiences of the subsequent few weeks. I felt, or at least I thought I did, how, with every hour, the ebbcd tide of strength and health was steadily coming in again, filling the gaping hollows, bringing out the colour in the sallow, morbid complexion, and life into the lustreless, sunken eyes. . . . And how anxiously and painstakingly I followed all the doctor's prescriptions concerning the gradual extension of the time of my constitutionals, watching the working of my leg, and training it to obey my will—to keep within even tracks, to make no "sallies"

outwards . . . (the ischial nerve had been affected after all).

Towards the end there were but three of us, out of the whole population of the ward, with wounds as yet uncicatrized; and now but two remained. . . . I confess frankly that when these two used to be carried off to the operating ward, I could not refrain from relishing the pleasant thought: "And I don't have to go any more!" and this thought made me happy. It may have been unworthy, unholy glee: but I could not help it.

And simultaneously with this, my intellectual activity, hitherto concentrated entirely upon the progress of the wounds, seemed to break loose from these narrow bonds, and burst out with unprecedented vigour and brightness. In the course of a few days I had compiled, *in extenso*, all the brief notes I had been jotting down since being bedridden in this ward, and already, on August 9, I laid before the Admiral a circumstantial report wherein I exposed to a searching and thorough investigation all those conditions which had been slowly, in the course of many years, preparing for this inevitable annihilation. In this report I did away with asterisks for real things, and used proper names in their definitions. After all I had suffered personally, I deemed myself

not only entitled, but obliged to speak my mind without any more self-restraint.

The Admiral never alluded to this report at our subsequent meetings ; but in St Petersburg, where it was printed and circulated to all the higher officials of the Naval Department, it proved a great success, and took immediate effect in raising the whole closely united population of the Admiralty up in arms against me.

To return to my diary.

August 13.—Got up rather early—the clock has just struck five. Just been out on the piazza. The rain has ceased ; a few ragged little clouds are hanging still, scattered far and wide in the sky. The western part is still immersed in semi-darkness, the eastern half is suffused with a mellow glow, and, all along the horizon, a purple radiance is reflected from underneath. The air is dim with the mists of dawn. The harbour and the slopes of the hills are enveloped in a vaporous veil. Nature is still fast asleep. Not a leaf rustles in the drowsy calm, not a blade of grass moves. A deep awe-inspiring calm reigns supreme . . . a calm so absolute that even through the closed doors the sounds of snoring within are distinctly audible. How deeply, how yearningly the breast expands,

drinking in the intoxicating freshness! What a feeling of lightness and stirring strength pervades the body! Oh, for a pair of wings! . . . And suddenly—crash!—and all is dark and blighted around . . . it's the terrible fatal word, "captivity."

August 14.—A heated debate has been going on since early morning on the subject of the manifesto of August 6.¹ My God! What an absolute ignorance of the forms of representative government in all other States! And it might be imagined that all this idiotic nonsense was talked by young midshipmen only, who have never been lectured, of course, on international law in their training schools, but the same ignorance was evinced by men who had become grey in the service of the State.

About the electoral systems in different countries nobody, as a matter of course, had any definite notion; the majority had heard that in England there existed a House of Lords and a House of Commons, which sometimes got at cross-purposes, but how and in what manner these squabbles got smoothed over, they had no idea; the Senate of France was

¹ Concerning the primary scheme of a very limited popular representation, drafted by M. Buligine, which was never carried into effect and was ultimately superseded by the manifesto of October 17 (30), under pressure of disturbances throughout the country.—ED.

thought to be analogous with ours.¹ while about the Upper Chambers of Austria and Germany, and about the Senate in Italy, complete darkness prevailed. And the result was that some were jubilant, imagining the Duma to consist of deputies, elected by the popular vote, whose decisions were submitted immediately to the supreme authority of the land; while others, fearing the dangers of thus "going the whole hog," were dead against any representation at all.

All this would be funny, if it were not so sad.

August 15.—Bitter thoughts now occur to me about our navy. Not only a thorough cleansing is required up above—it is necessary to start all over again with education down below. And to re-educate is so much more difficult than training the virgin mind. . . . I am writing this fresh from the influence of a heated controversy which broke out to-day in our ward. Someone received a letter from Kioto, where the bulk of the naval prisoners are kept. It was said in the letter, that among our officers a series of lectures had been organised on the sciences of navigation,

¹ The governing Senate of Russia is a purely bureaucratic institution, composed of a few of the highest officials of the State.—ED.

gunnery, and mining, and also a game of naval strategy was being conducted—and that, generally speaking, the prisoners endeavoured to utilize as much as possible this period of compulsory inactivity.

Someone among us started teasing our younger comrades, by pretending that, after being turned out from the hospital and joining the prisoners, they would have to fall to books, attend lectures, and, what was more, pass exams. in conclusion.

Everybody laughed, of course, but one of our middies took the matter in earnest, and declared point-blank that he wasn't going to attend any blooming lectures, not he.

"Yes, you will, if you are ordered to."

"Oh! and who is going to order me about, I should like to know?"

"Why, your superior authorities, of course!"

"Superior fiddlesticks — there are no authorities here, except the Japanese!"

"To my utter astonishment and disgust, all his colleagues took sides with him and energetically upheld this statement. There was no arguing with them—their reasoning was simple to the verge of obstinacy.

"Let the Admiral himself tell me: 'Go!' and I *won't*, and there's the end of it! Now then, how's he going to *make* me go?"

From this, it follows that the fulfilment of commands is only necessary when in default of compliance, punishment can be meted out immediately. If you are unable to punish for the time being, then you can't give any orders. A fine idea of discipline and duty that !

August 16.—After a spell of nasty weather, we are enjoying sunshine and warmth. After dinner I walked for more than an hour in the courtyard. I was dog tired and broke down completely. There is a dull aching in the bottom of the wound. I imagine that the severed parts of the muscle have grown together somewhat awry. When I was returning, my leg was continually giving way under me—weak both in the hips and the knee.

The Japanese newspapers say that the peace negotiations are progressing well, and that the Japs have agreed to evacuate Saghalien on condition of receiving a large war indemnity, which means that they intend to get possession of, above and beyond our Port Arthur-Dalny railway, South Manchuria, Korea, and a large sum of money into the bargain. What on earth is Linievitch doing? Linievitch who only two months ago was consumed with eager longing to fight! If only he had harassed the

Japs a bit, they would have become more tractable. But all his bragging was evidently only "bark," not "bite."

August 17.—The *Peresviet* steamed out of the docks and went off . . . painful spectacle . . . and, as if to rub in the impression, music is playing to-day on the esplanade in front of our barracks, and such familiar tunes all the time, too — marches—"The Double-Headed Eagle," and "Kronstadt-Toulon." Hang it, I can't get rid of the importunate thought that all this music was from our battleships.

About 9 P.M. a telegram was brought in, printed specially on a slip of paper: "Peace has just been agreed upon." Everything stirred up. The first impulse was, of course—joy. Peace! Why, yes, but at what price? and all the faces frowned as if by magic.

August 18.—I have been tossing about restlessly in my bed all night through. Peace has been concluded. Two roads are stretching ahead of Russia: the new one just faintly marked out—the road of reform; and the old, deeply-rutted one, among the familiar swamps and jungles.

Just before dawn I fell asleep, but awoke soon. Sky suffused with redness. What a glorious dawn. Who is it breaking for? Could it be for the Japanese only? Oh, for

them day has broken long since, and to-day every Japanese arises from his night's rest, filled with hope and confidence in the future, imbued with the deep consciousness that the sacrifices offered on the altar of his country have not proved futile. A glorious peace has concluded a victorious war, and Japan now occupies her indisputable place among the Great Powers.

And thou, my beloved, far away country? Like the Ivan Tsarevitch in the fairy tale, thou art standing, irresolute, on the fatal crossing of the ways. . . . May God help thee to choose the right one, which ever it is. . . . Bitterness ineffable I feel for thee,—hapless, beaten, and humiliated beyond measure, and my heart yearns madly and mutely to serve and toil for thy happiness. . . . What an ocean of gloom and sorrow is left behind! I feel both like crying and praying. . . .

August 19.—It is said in the Japanese papers, that we have given up one-half of the Saghalien, and have to pay 200 million roubles¹ “for the upkeep of the war prisoners and wounded.” A masked war indemnity. A lamentable peace.

August 20.—The Japs are evidently dissatisfied with the terms of the peace. What

¹ About 20 million pounds.—ED.

have *they* to grumble about, I wonder? No papers at all reach us any more.

August 21.—Still no papers, but the assistant surgeon says that throughout the country indignation is running high; monstrous petitions arrive at the capital, with requests to refuse the confirmation of the peace treaty; Komura is being threatened and warned from returning to Japan.

August 22.—After prolonged and pressing demands, and applying to all grades and descriptions of officials, we have at last obtained the papers. No wonder they were being hidden from us. Japan is being swept by a storm of rebellious discontent. It appears that the Japanese Government, not content with the actual reports of their victories, were constantly “stretching” them to a sensational extent (was it to keep up the people’s spirits, or what?), and naturally, by this time the people of Japan considered Russia to be completely crushed, sprawling beneath Japan’s raised heel, and beseeching mercy. And now comes the inevitable sobering down and disappointment. No festivities anywhere. Not a single flag to be seen, and the Japs are so fond of beflagging their houses. On the contrary, they say that on the occasion of the return of the delegates from America, flags will be flown half-mast

everywhere. The papers are printing the terms of the treaty framed in mourning.

August 23.—My leg still obeys very indifferently, especially in the mornings, before it has warmed up to its work. The scab hasn't come off the wound so far, and is awfully painful to the slightest touch. I am afraid lest it should burst open afresh. The big toe on my left foot is also very troublesome.

August 24.—Our approaching departure seems to be the only topic of conversation. The Japs are all in a bustle. The hospital authorities are evidently eagerly intent on delivering us to the General Committee of War-Prisoners as quickly as possible, although it would seem to be much the simpler course to release us direct from here? More especially as many are still in need of medical treatment, while two, not to count the Admiral, have their wounds not even cicatrized yet.

A new inquiry came to-day from St Petersburg about the state of the Admiral, his ability for work in the future, etc., etc. The flag-captain would not undertake to draw up a report on the Admiral's condition in his own words, so he committed the task to the chief-surgeon, requesting his full and unreserved diagnosis.

August 25.—To-day the actual preparations

for the departure have begun in earnest, and the day after to-morrow we are sailing for Kioto.

I feel now just like standing in front of a locked door, which is going to be thrown open at any moment. And what is behind? I have no idea. There's a passionate longing to get back home as soon as possible, and yet the very prospect of return seems so strange and fearful after all, for us who come back beaten, from captivity. . . . How long will it take to show up those who are really to blame for this crushing defeat? The only thing that is inspiring us with hope, is the messages which our Admiral received during the first days following upon the battle. But since then a long time has elapsed; many things may have become changed, and, indeed, such appears to be the situation, judging by the papers; the gentlemen from "under the spire" have taken measures to bring themselves out dry from the mud-puddle and leave us in the lurch.

August 26.—Rain and stormy. Had a touch of fever during the night. The most painful of the critical moments which I have lived through flashed in my mind, and so realistic, so life-like were the sensations, that I could not tell whether they were dreams or waking hallucinations. Especially that fateful one of the surrender. . . .

Well, did I not hasten on deck as soon as I had been roused, and told about the "smokes" sighted, and did I not insist upon steam being got up in the boilers, and didn't the flag-captain agree with me and give his orders? Everyone remembers this, and all confirm it. Am I to be blamed for again dropping into a state of coma? that I did not crawl up on the bridge after him, that I trusted to his resolution?

Could anybody demand this from a man wounded in both legs, utterly exhausted, shivering with fever, whom every step costs superhuman efforts and suffering?—Of course it is impossible, and nobody would think of casting a slur upon me.

But I myself? No—there was an error! I ought to have asked somebody—that sailor who had helped me downstairs—to carry me up on to the bridge! The situation was too serious and too much was at stake, and didn't I know our flag-captain's lack of backbone, his weak point of giving way to persuasions and changing his mind. . . . Relied on others? healthy and strong ones, who were but spectators in the battle? Expected them to work this time? that their turn had come?

Rubbish! Had no right to rely on anybody. You have given way to physical weakness; you

failed to gauge the paramount importance of the moment! That's what it was. . . .

The papers bring us news of the disturbances at Tokio. The mobs were bent on demolishing the building of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and engaged in a pitched battle with the police, burning down several police stations. Two chiefs of the police, five inspectors, and sixty policemen were wounded; the mob's casualties are five killed and two hundred wounded. Troops are being hurried to the capital, martial law has been proclaimed, and the press has been muzzled by temporary regulations.

August 27.—Our departure did not take place, owing, as I have heard, to the delay in sending up clothes for our bluejackets, of whom many were rescued all but naked.

August 28.—The day passed in bustle and packing. At 7.45 P.M. the procession started from the hospital. The Admiral was being drawn in a jinrickisha; two were carried on stretchers; I was recommended to take my crutches, in case of emergency, but I got reckless and went as I was, with a stick only; anyhow, it was not far to the harbour. Alongside the quay a tug was awaiting us, and carried us to the steamer *Yenkai Maru*, formerly a passenger boat, and evidently,

previously to the war, plying on a line especially favoured by the tourists, as the first cabin saloon and staterooms were got up in quite a European and even luxurious style. We were all installed very comfortably. The chief of the local military staff, Rear-Admiral Sakamoto, came to see us off, talked a lot of complimentary rubbish, bade us a happy voyage, etc., etc.

At 5.30 we weighed anchor. Then we were all invited to the saloon, doors were shut and window blinds let down. This was in order that we should not be able to see the outlet from the port, nor remember the disposition of the coast defence forts. At 6.40, when we were already well out at sea and could not spy out any secrets, we regained our liberty. I could not help thinking of the good old customs of our own naval bases, where every casual visitor has everything open before his eyes, as plain as can be.

The leave-taking at the hospital turned out rather dry, and who could have expected that the parting should be cordial and *sans rancune*? From whom did we meet with humane treatment? We could count them on our fingertips. The surgeons Oki and Tvassaki, the superintendent of the hospital, assistant surgeon Matsano, and hospital attendant

Miagee (there were others, but they were being replaced constantly). There were others who did not ill-treat us so shamelessly, but it was only because of the express injunctions of the authorities; and in their hearts they were imbued with the firm conviction that a war prisoner is a slave and the property of the victor.

At sunset the weather broke up. The sky clouded over; the sea assumed an ashen grey tint; a swell sprang up from somewhere. Just like our autumn. . . . But many hours had not elapsed, ere it cleared up again and a glorious moonlit night set in, such as can only be observed in Japan towards the end of August and the beginning of September.

I am standing on the poop-deck. Propeller throbbing and knocking underneath. A white, winding ribbon is trailing from the stern. Very still. At regular intervals the dry, sharp clicking of the automatic log is heard. Ever and anon the rudder chain rumbles faintly. We are going through the Great Hirad Straits—10 P.M. We have shaped our course E.N.E. for Shimonoseki. I get my bearings by the moon and the outline of the coast. To the south the mountains of Kiang-Sion loom sharply outlined on the moonlit background of the sky. Between us and the

shore the surface of the sea is dotted with hundreds of lights. It is the Japanese fishers. They are now quietly engaged in their occupation along their shores, as indeed they were all during the war. . . . They know they are safe. . . . Their fleet rules their seas. . . . It ruled them before, and will rule. . . . For how long yet? I don't know what it is, that is so painful within me. Is it real pain or imagination only? Woe to the vanquished! And why did that confounded doctor poke his nose in? I think I will go and turn in.

Can't sleep. A guard is passing my window. I accidentally glanced at a mirror, and a strange, dark, bearded, tired face looked out at me in blank surprise. . . . True—I am very tired—these last days with their tormenting thoughts. . . .

August 29.—About 6 P.M. stopped at the quarantine station, and at 8 put to shore at Diry, where we sent ashore the bluejackets, who were going on the same boat. They are going to Kamaoosta.

About 9 A.M. cleared out of the Straits into the Sea of Japan, and shaped our course for the S.E. quarter. All of a sudden I remembered that in 1898 the *Vladimir Monomach*, under command of Prince Uchtomsky

went aground somewhere about here in a fog, but got off safely without external aid. Now *Monomach* is resting in peace at the bottom of the Korean Straits, and its commander is in captivity. . . .

We are being accompanied from Sassebo by Doctor Tadzuki and Lieutenant-Captain Kimura.

By the way, when turning in last night, I got into my berth and thought that I had fallen through, so completely unused had I become to a decent bed. No wonder; three and a half months' lying on a straw mattress as hard as wood, and under my head a tiny rubber pillow which I bought at the hospital shop—for the hospital only accommodated us with canvass rolls stuffed with sand.

I remember what tortures I suffered from this roll during the first few days, whilst I was not aware of the fact that I could send an attendant to buy me this pillow! What with fever, and the necessity of keeping in the same position (prone on the back), the neck gets stark stiff and cramped, and continuous, splitting headache follows, so that it seems as though the cursed roll is pressing not on the skull, but on the very brain.

Hot. Early in the morning a faint south-easter was indeed blowing, but now in the

afternoon it has calmed off completely. The whole surface of the sea is dotted with the sails of the coasting ships. There seems to be no end of them. This is where the Japanese fleet is recruited from, and draws on its inexhaustible reserves of real seamen, and not of clumsy rustics fresh from the plough.

At 6.45 we dropped anchor at the quarantine station situated on the little island of Ninoshima, where we are to be delivered into the charge of the General Committee of War Prisoners.

CHAPTER VI

In quarantine—Officers of the Japanese army—Odzena—
Hiroshima—General Manabé—Hunger and mosquitoes—
Liveliness at meal-times—Arrival at Kioto.

SCARCELY had we cast anchor, when the commandant of the island, with the medical officer of quarantine, came alongside. They at once entered into a lively altercation with our escort, Captain Kimura and Dr Tadzuki. From what they told me, it would appear that the colonel had demanded that we should undergo all the formalities of disinfection, vaccination, etc., just as if we had come fresh from the seat of war, although we had come direct from Sassebo, where we had spent three and a half months under constant medical supervision.

It was with great difficulty that they persuaded him to give up his claim. When we learned later at Kioto, from the prisoners

who had to go through this process, what it meant, we thanked heaven for having removed this cup from our lips. I will return to this subject in due course later on.

It was no easy task to persuade the colonel to change his mind, as he would see nothing beyond his instructions. Poor Kimura perspired freely in the effort.

We went ashore at 7 P.M. to a village composed only of wooden shanties, of which the two nearest the entrance were set apart for the Admiral and the three officers of his staff.

The Admiral's bed was separated by a curtain from ours, which were close alongside each other and under one mosquito net. The furniture consisted of a small table, three stools, some bedsteads of rough woodwork, with a few cross-bars and planks of timber which had scarcely been planed, and were covered with thin and much-worn mattresses. Sacks of sand served as bolsters, and there was no trace of any sheets. Three woollen coverlets completed the equipment, none of which was by any means fresh.

Without uttering a word the Admiral gave one look of inspection, sat down by the door, and sank into a deep reverie.

Kimura, who had followed us, appeared

much put out, and began to pour forth excuses, consoling us by assurances that this state of things would only last one night.

"Could we not, at any rate, have a pair of sheets for the Admiral," said I.

"Unfortunately, I am afraid, there are none here."

"Perhaps the Colonel has some."

A faint smile appeared on Kimura's face.

"I doubt if he even knows what they are. All the *bona-fide* officers have gone to the front, and only the leavings of the army are here. They know nothing of European customs. I will go, however, and see what I can do for you."

Finally they unearthed an almost clean cover, which they offered the Admiral as a sleeping bag. This was all the linen that Kimura and Tadzuki could find; and having done this, they hastened aboard again, after ironically wishing us a good night.

Neither the Admiral nor we could sleep a wink. Our shanty, which was only some 20 or 30 feet from the beach, was close to certain primitive structures which I need not define, and as the wind shifted about midnight and blew off the sea, we were overwhelmed with foul smells in spite of closed windows.

At early dawn, therefore, we were all up.

A bucket of water was brought us for our ablutions, with a wooden slop-pail and a small zinc basin, which was so dirty that none of us would touch it. We preferred to go and wash by turns in the courtyard, using the slop-pail, which was relatively clean, as our basin.

When the Colonel and the interpreter came to pay their respects to the Admiral and to ask if he was satisfied, Rojěstvensky told them quite plainly, that in Russia pigs were better treated than we had been in Japan.

The Colonel, in much confusion, blundering out excuses, abruptly departed, and we did not see him again till we were on the point of leaving. The interpreter did his utmost to explain to us that the poor man, who was a thorough Japanese, had endeavoured to treat us in a European manner, but that ignorance of our customs had frustrated his efforts.

It is true that in hospital our food was not of an appetising kind, but it was sufficient in quantity, and if it was not always well dished-up, it was at anyrate eatable : here everything was different.

There were no table-cloths or napkins, the knives and spoons were dirty, and the prongs of the forks were filled up with various kinds of leavings. These, however, could be cleaned

at a pinch, but not so the plates on which our portions were served. Judging by the repulsive appearance of the edges of them, we had reasonable cause for serious misgivings as to the middle of them. The bill of fare consisted of a sort of broth made of oats and sugar and flavoured with curry. We realised that we had no choice but to be content with tea and dry bread, when to our delight a refreshment seller appeared on the scene, and from him we were able to purchase some American canned food, such as ham and bacon and a preparation called *pâté de gibier*, as well as some Californian fruit: this was washed down with some *café au lait*. At midday another meal was offered us, consisting of greasy water claiming to be called broth, and a dirty yellow omelette redolent of onions. Three-quarters of an hour later we were still seated at table, when the shanty began to move with a grating noise, and all the plates and dishes were set dancing.

This was an earthquake, which lasted ten seconds. Three minutes afterwards there was another and less severe shock, which lasted five seconds.

At four o'clock the table was again laid—if I may use the expression—and the oat and sugar broth reappeared, followed by a liquid in which small pieces of bacon and meat were

floating. Even the least fastidious among us turned away from this preparation with disgust.

When we asked the interpreter why this meal was taking place so early, he told us that we were going away, that there would be no means of getting dinner *en route*, and that we should have to wait till the following morning for our next feed. In vain did we appeal to the refreshment seller ; his stock was sold out, and there was not time for him to go to the town and get a fresh supply for so large a body of customers as we were. Besides the Admiral and three staff officers, there were five junior officers, two petty officers, and one cadet.

However, there was a rosy side to all these hardships. When, during the last days in hospital, and even more on the steamer, when in familiar surroundings and good company, we had time to reflect on the past and think about the future. Then the misery of it all overwhelmed us, and we had moments of such despair, that a very little more would have made us throw ourselves into the sea. When I look back on the state of my feelings on board that steamer, I must own that if anything had gone wrong—if we had struck a floating mine, or had a collision—I would not have lifted a finger to save myself, so utter

was my depression. Death would have been welcome, and I desired nothing more. Now we had other distractions: we had to pull ourselves together to avoid dying of hunger—we had to make a pillow out of a tunic rolled up in a napkin, to clean our own plates, knives, and forks, and such-like.

These sordid cares left us no time to brood over our miserable reflections.

There! they are calling us—we must be off. At 4.30 P.M. we left the quarantine station in a harbour tug, and half-an-hour later we were at the little town of Odzena.

The Admiral and two of the midshipmen, whose wounds were not yet healed, went to the station in jinrikīshas, the rest of us walked. Although there were many people in the streets, no one took the least notice of us. I do not know whether this was in obedience to orders, or was due to familiarity with such a sight, as more than ten thousand prisoners had already passed through Odzena.

There was no escort: the interpreter marched at the head of the party with a very young official, then came the Admiral's "rickshaw," and the notorious Colonel, who had no doubt reported to the authorities the snub he had received in the morning, and had already received instructions accordingly.

In Japan, affairs of this sort are no joking matter. He kept at a respectful distance from the Admiral, and never took his eye off him, so anxious was he to anticipate his least wish. He lighted a match the instant he saw him take out his cigarette case ; rushed forward with a chair if he saw him leaning on a railing on the platform ; and kept asking him if he would like some tea, soda-water, beer, etc. ; but as he did all this, his face became purple with confusion, or anger at the part which he was compelled to play.

The train was late, and we did not start till 5.40. Our carriage was not very comfortable ; it consisted of two compartments, a first and second class, with a lavatory between. In the first class were three cushioned seats divided into three places each, two running the length of the carriage, and one across. The Admiral, the three staff officers, the interpreter, and the escort took possession of this. In the second class there were only two seats with eight places in each, running the length of the carriage ; in this, were the eight other members of the detachment and the civil interpreter. They were very closely packed, but consoled themselves with the belief that the journey would not last long, and that at Hiroshima, where we were to leave

the branch line and join the main line, a more comfortable carriage would be provided. But the interpreter soon disposed of this hope, by telling us that there would be no change till we reached Kioto.

At 6.15 we arrived in the station at Hiroshima, where the commanding officer, his Aide-de-camp, and the Deputy - Governor (the Governor himself was at Tokio), with his Chief Secretary, met us in full uniform.

After an interminable amount of shunting, our carriage was detached and joined on to the Kioto train, when the Admiral was saluted by Lt.-General Manabe, Commander-in-Chief at Hiroshima, and all his staff. Of middle height, thick set, and with an intelligent and well-bred face, he had more the appearance of a Provençal than of a Jap. He had a dignified air and the manners of a European. Round his neck hung the Order of the Hawk (which is equivalent to our St George's Cross). On his breast he wore the Order of the Rising Sun on the right side, and of St Stanislas with crossed swords on the left.

Accustomed as I was to Japanese customs, I was much puzzled to understand how it was that a general with all these decorations was not at the front. Lieutenant Martinie, the French naval attaché, explained to me after-

wards that there was a woman in the question, as generally is the case.

In Japan the women's patriotic associations have much influence, and ladies of fashion are not above taking the lead in them. They occupy a place something between the *Sœurs de Charité*, who live in the hospital, and our lady patronesses who condescend, like the sun, to make occasional appearances there, as sufficient to ensure the welfare of the "poor devils."

The Japanese women attend the sick themselves, take an interest in them, and devote all their time to them.

During the Boxer War, when the General was winning his laurels under the walls of Peking, his wife, while engaged in her usual works of charity, won the hearts of the sick and wounded French committed to her care, and was in consequence awarded a medal. Unfortunately the French representative was guilty of a serious blunder in giving a medal to Mme. Manabe, who was an ordinary member of the staff, and nothing to the lady president, who like a thorough Jap was mortally offended; so the lady president, who happened to be the wife of the General in command, resolved to take a notable revenge. When General Manabe, covered with well-

earned decorations, returned home, he found a party of officials examining, under a search warrant, the walls, and turning over everything in his house and garden. The General had casually mentioned in his report that he had heard that General Manabe, who was in charge of the Chinese Palace, had seized the opportunity of carrying off all the most valuable objects, and hiding them in his house.

In a matter of this kind the Japanese will not stand any joking, for they consider that the national honour is at stake. It is a matter for real regret that all European nations do not share their point of view. Martini did not know the actual result of their investigations. Be that as it may, the Star of the General waned from that day, so that he was not even chosen to take part in the war against us.

I beg the reader to excuse this short digression, and now return to my journal.

Before the Admiral had time to get out of the carriage—even before the train had stopped—the General jumped in. After the members of the two staffs had been introduced to each other, and a few civil commonplace expressions spoken concerning the uncertainties of war, and the victors of one day becoming the vanquished of the next, we all sat down

round a table, and tea was served in European fashion. At this juncture a little comedy, which had evidently been rehearsed, began to be played.

Manabe asked the Admiral whether he had been comfortable at Hiroshima, and if he had any complaints to make. In reply, he very quietly, but also very definitely, gave him his candid opinion; whereupon the General, with an air of astonishment and vexation, severely blew up the Colonel, who stood at attention, hand to cap all the time, as red as a lobster, and streaming with perspiration. When this was over, he became profuse in his apologies, throwing all the blame on the hospital authorities at Sassebo, who had turned out the wounded with unaccountable haste, and without giving any notice. But for this, he would have considered it his duty to go in person to Hiroshima and place himself at the disposal of his honoured visitors.

“What a clever liar he is,” said I to myself when this incident was over. The conversation was carried on for some minutes in a genial and informal manner. The General declared, with much iteration, that the Order of St Stanislas was the decoration which he prized most highly. Only four of them had been awarded to Japanese after the war in China, and as

the Marquis Yamada was dead, there were only three holders left, of whom he was the youngest.

After much saluting, the train started again at 7 P.M. Two hours later we began to feel the pangs of hunger. I found it necessary to draw up my knees in to my stomach to suppress the pangs of famine, and there was not the slightest sign of a refreshment-room at any of the stations.

At last, at 10 P.M., we stopped, and I saw for the first time some of the members of the local ladies' patriotic society, for we were travelling in a hospital train full of sick and wounded. I wish that some of our Russian lady patronesses could have been there; they would have seen and learned some very interesting things.

With much rustling of their silk kimonos and clattering of their "gata," or high wooden sandals, these ladies set to work, quickly, but without any fuss, to visit all the carriages, and to hand round cakes and tea, saluting and smiling all the time. They were not above washing up the cups and saucers and running to fetch boiling water, etc.

When we examined our allowance of provisions, we found it somewhat scanty. It consisted of a tiny box of ham, six pieces of

bread, and half a pound of chocolate. The Admiral urged us to be patient, and to make the best of what we could get ; but there was so little conviction in his tone, that we knew that he was as famished as we were ; we decided to eat half our bread and the ham, and to keep the rest to eat with the chocolate later on. As there were in the box five very minute slices of ham, we each had one and a quarter, but we most imprudently ate all our bread, trusting to getting some boiled rice when the time came to eat the chocolate.

We had to sit bolt upright all the night, as there was not room for us to lie down side by side on the seats. In the evening we had implored the Admiral to occupy one of them for himself, but he steadfastly refused, and we knew him too well to imagine that he would ever go back on his word.

The moonlight was magnificent, and the country through which we passed was of singular beauty, but nobody paid any attention to them. Clouds of a peculiar kind of mosquito, which flies close to the surface of the ground, bit our ankles and stung us through our socks. One of our party declared that he could hear them sucking and smacking their lips. After midnight reinforcements

came, but these were of another species ; they were very small, and only went for the exposed parts of one's face, neck, and hands. It was like being tickled with stinging nettles.

There is a French proverb, that he who sleeps dines, but as we had not a wink of sleep, we began, about 4 A.M., to feel the acute pangs of hunger. Even the Admiral, being unable to bear it any longer, awakened our escort, and called upon them to tell him at once when and where we could get breakfast. The Colonel explained through the interpreter, that a European breakfast would be ready for us at Simedzi, where we were due at 11 A.M. The Admiral was much annoyed.

“Since we left the steamer you have given us nothing to eat, for I prefer to say nothing about the pig's food provided at the quarantine station. You will, please, telegraph at once to the next station to have five hard-boiled eggs ready, each, for twelve persons, with some bread and tea.

We thought the Colonel would have had a fit. He protested that the breakfast was to be a European one, and that as his superior officers had arranged the route and the hours of the meals, he could not make any change. The Admiral would not listen to him, but stuffing some Japanese banknotes into his

hands, he shouted : " Quick, quick ; I tell you to send off a telegram before the train starts."

This all occurred at a small side-station. " Your Excellency," pleaded the interpreter, " he can do nothing, and cannot accept the money without Government authority."

" Cannot ! what do you mean ?" and the banknotes, rolled up into a ball, flew out of the window. The interpreter hurried at top speed to pick them up.

At 6 A.M., at Okayama, an agreeable surprise awaited us ; all that the Admiral had ordered was there in readiness. When we caught sight of a large basket full of eggs, and a still larger one of bread, jokes began to fly all round. There seemed to be enough to victual a whole battalion ; this, however, did not prevent the baskets from being emptied as if by magic a few moments later. Their contents had been washed down by cups of tea, which, in spite of the early hour, the good ladies had brought us. We would have been content with green Japanese tea, but they had had the consideration to prepare for us Chinese tea, in European cups, with saucers and even spoons. The president, an elderly lady, did the honours to perfection.

Hunger gave way to good humour and yawning, and as the mosquitoes had disappeared

in the daylight, each of us curled himself up in his corner and went to sleep.

At 11 we reached Simedzi, where we were in expectation of the famous European breakfast which the Colonel had dinned into our ears, but which, as it turned out, had nothing European about it save the knives and forks. At each place was a little box of white wood containing a minute slice of fried meat, rolled up in a bit of bread, three others of smoked tongue, and a tiny potato—all cold.

The ladies (always these admirable ladies) poured out for us some soda-water and beer in addition to the tea. When this so-called "square meal" was over, the Admiral took the matter into his own hands, and without consulting the Colonel, he slipped some money into the interpreter's hand, and told him to telegraph to Kobe, ordering them to have twelve good beefsteaks, with potatoes, ready for us on our arrival. With much trepidation the interpreter referred the matter to the Colonel, who merely shrugged his shoulders, as though to say, "so be it—I can only be hanged once for a double offence."

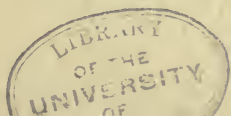
At 1.20 we found ourselves seated like true sybarites round a table covered with a spotless tablecloth, and with napkins on our knees. The consequence was that when we arrived at

Osaka well fortified with this extra meal, we treated the Japanese food, which under the guise of a "European meal" had been provided for us there, with some indifference. So we sat down at table merely as a matter of politeness.

From a newspaper which we bought here, we learned that on the very night when we left Sassebo a fire broke out on the *Mikata*, and that this fine cruiser had been blown up and sunk. The Admiral at once sent a telegram of sympathy to Admiral Togo.

We reached the station at Kioto at 5.40 without any fresh adventures, and were met on the platform by the commanding officer, Major-General Okama, a major who is inspector of war prisoners, and the lieutenant in charge of the temple set apart for the Admiral's residence, as well as by an interpreter. Several of our comrades who had gone ahead were also there.

The Colonel, who had accompanied us, took his leave, and he did so with an air of delight which seemed genuine. We got into a carriage, not a jinrikisha this time, and the Admiral and the senior officers proceeded to the temple of Chidsiaken, the others went to that of Honkokudsi.



CHAPTER VII

Our first impressions at Kioto—The military Commandant, Major-General Okama, and his lecture on good behaviour — A Conversation wanting in cordiality — Questions of house-keeping—Details of our daily life —Nebogatoff.

September 1.—For the Admiral and his Staff there has been reserved a separate house, or, to be more exact, an annex of the temple, to which it is connected by an arched wooden bridge built over the narrow branch of a pond, laid out in the shape of a U. As a rule, this pavilion, which is fitted up altogether in Japanese style, is kept for travellers of distinction who visit the city.

It is divided into two: in the first part, there are three rooms, or rather one room which can be partitioned off into three by means of movable screens, which are easily folded to admit of their being taken away altogether if desired. This room constitutes

the Admiral's quarters. The remainder of the accommodation is separated from it by a broad corridor, on to which two rooms destined for his suite, another room for servants, and a storeroom, open. I was told off to lodge in one of these rooms, in which there were already two other men who had arrived before us, whom I hardly knew, and for whose society I did not care particularly. Fortunately, however, the Admiral, whom nothing escaped, at once noticed my annoyance and invited me to take up my quarters in his third room. I protested feebly, but, as I have related before of the incident of the sleeping accommodation in the railway carriage, I knew that it was useless to argue with him.

"This room is yours; it is no good its staying empty, and whether you live in it or not, I am not going to make any further use of it."

All this happened yesterday evening. The Admiral was given a plain iron bedstead with a mattress and two pillows, while the rest of us were given wooden couches, like those in the Ninoshima Quarantine Station, with the pleasing addition of a hard straw mattress and a bolster filled with sand! As I had not closed my eyes for two nights, I slept like a log. When I woke up in the morning,

I had the greatest difficulty in the world to recollect what had happened to me and where I was. At 9 A.M. General Okama and his Chief-of-Staff arrived. The details of this visit, which I noted down on the spot, were highly characteristic of the behaviour of the Jap when he tries to play the European !

All the newcomers, from the Admiral down to the most junior midshipman, were invited to make their way to a hall, in the centre of which was a table surrounded by chairs.

When all were assembled, the door opened, and Okama, still followed by his aides-de-camp, appeared in the doorway, and began, by way of welcome, to address us through his interpreter as follows :—

“It is in my capacity of Military Commandant in charge of the prisoners of war that I am here to-day.”

Then he took a paper which had been respectfully handed to him, and began to read us a lecture in Japanese, stopping from time to time and remaining quite still at the end, while the interpreter translated it into Russian for us.

“I, Major-General Okama Masansero, Commander of the Garrison of Fushimi, address you, Gentlemen, Naval Officers recently arrived, as prisoners of war under guard of the

garrison which has been placed under my command. You left your country last year and accomplished a long voyage in the face of countless storms : you have endured privations and misfortunes and have undergone trials of all kinds. You have nobly fulfilled your duty to your country. Right up to the time when unkindly Fate, falling upon you, caused you to be taken prisoners, you remained resolute and unmoved, and fought with patriotic energy and courage, to which I cannot but do homage. That is why, considering your present situation, I express my condolences and heart-felt sympathy with you in your misfortunes."

Up to this point the speech was suitable enough and even courteous. If certain phrases seemed to us a little odd and some of the expressions slightly awkward, we put it down to the desire of the interpreter to translate word for word.

Then we came to business—

1. "During the period of your captivity you must observe strictly all the regulations and conditions laid down by the Imperial Japanese Government, and under no circumstances must you deviate from or transgress them. The maintenance of military discipline and good order is absolutely indispensable for soldiers and sailors, and you are well aware that

it is the same in all countries of the world. I desire, therefore, Gentlemen, that you will attach special importance to keeping the laws of this discipline.

2. "The orders of the Commandant, transmitted through his officials, must be carried out to the letter, as coming from the supreme Japanese Authorities.

3. "During your stay here you must remain on the most friendly terms with each other, and above all you must abstain from all intemperance, for exemplary behaviour, in raising the dignity of the soldier, causes him to deserve well of his country. For the present, it only remains for you to wait patiently for the signature of peace.

4. "It is in my official capacity as your Commandant that, at our first interview, I feel myself obliged to speak these words of admonition."

During this lecture I looked at the Admiral furtively. He was standing with his hands behind his back and his eyes cast down as if listening attentively, and it was only his habitual nervous twitching of the jaw, close to the ear, so well known to us, which betrayed his inner feelings.

If addressed to young middies, these "words of admonition" on good behaviour, might not

have been altogether misplaced. But senior officers, with hair already turning grey, and above all an A.D.C. to the Emperor and Vice-Admiral Commander-in-Chief, did not feel altogether at their ease when thus receiving, standing, side by side with midshipmen, the admonitions of a Major-General who was recommending them to abstain from all intemperance!

I should have liked to believe that the Japanese only countenanced such ceremonies as these, owing to sheer artlessness or because they did not really know the rules of politeness and decorum commonly used in Europe; but I found it very hard to be convinced that it was so. To the Japanese, above all people, this part of European civilisation ought to be most intelligible and most congenial, because, of all countries in the world, it is in theirs that the spirit of etiquette has been best kept; that is to say, the outward forms of the relations, one with another, which should be kept even among members of the same family.

It was obvious to us that Okama was delighting in the task with which he was charged.

The interpreter having finished the lecture, Okama, with a solemn inclination of his head, invited us to sit down. When we were seated, he took his place in his chair; then, still by

means of the interpreter, he embarked on the following conversation :—

The Interpreter. — “The General wishes to express once more the deep respect he holds for your great services and your personal courage. He hopes that the doctors here will prove to be not inferior to those at Sassebo, and that the serious wound on your head will soon be completely healed up, especially as the climate here is better than at Sassebo.”

The Admiral. — “Tell the General that I thank him.”

The Interpreter. — “The General is much troubled about the condition of your wounds, especially as your arrival, of which he had been notified long before, was postponed day after day ; and so he is delighted to see you here at last.”

The Admiral. — “Thank you.”

The Interpreter. — “He regrets being unable to offer you here the comforts which are customary in Europe, but he will be glad to do anything he can to make up for the deficiency.”

The Admiral. — “Thank you.”

The Interpreter. — “He instructs me to ask whether you are tired after your voyage, and how you are feeling to-day.”

The Admiral.—"Very well."

The Interpreter. — "He regrets that his military occupations do not permit him to continue this pleasant conversation, but he feels obliged to depart, and wishes you good-day."

The Admiral.—"Good-bye."

Soon after the departure of Okama, the Major who was accompanying him, came to offer us for signature, each individually, a declaration form to give us the right of moving about freely outside the temple from 8 A.M. till 6 P.M.

The signer pledged himself not to try to escape, nor to send off letters or telegrams, nor to pass the prescribed limits, nor to enter into communication with other prisoners confined in the neighbourhood, nor to make his way into private houses, etc., etc. This curious document began thus: "I give my word of honour as a sailor and a Russian officer, that I pledge myself before Almighty God . . ."

When the Major presented his paper to the Admiral, he (the Admiral) merely answered, "Quite unnecessary," which was as brief as it was to the point, and turned his back and walked out of the room.

Considering that the plenipotentiaries signed a treaty of peace a fortnight ago, and it only

needs formal ratification, it would be equally stupid and useless to try and escape ; but as the Japanese found this time appropriate for playing this farce with us, I determined, for my part, to pay them out. Therefore, with an appearance of great candour, I declared to the Major that I had not given my word of honour, but had been taken prisoner at a time when I was very seriously wounded, and so I was cherishing the firm hope of escaping on the first possible occasion.

The Admiral's Flag-Captain and A.D.C., who had come with him from Sassebo, followed my example, and, together with me, refused to sign. As a matter of fact, it caused me but little privation. During all my time on board the *Suvōroff*—that is from October 14, 1904, to May 27, 1905—I only set foot on land on three occasions : once at Vigo, and twice at Nossi Bé, and then only on official business, and for an hour at most. Here, the temple and its magnificent garden are far more spacious than a man-of-war, so that not to go outside them is a matter of entire indifference to me, considering that thus I owe neither thanks nor gratitude to our conquerors.

September 2.—All the rest of yesterday was spent in household cares and purchase of things which were absolutely necessary.

There is in the temple a small cook-shop, whose owner, a Jap, speaks Russian pretty fluently, and is willing to undertake to see that the things which we order are sent us from the town—of course, after deducting a very large commission as his share in the transaction.

The Admiral and his Staff (eight persons) are not the only inhabitants of the temple; there are, besides us, an officer of the *Osslyabia*, representatives from the *Vladimir Monomach*, the *Sissoïet* and the *Ural*, and finally twenty-three or twenty-four of those who surrendered with Nebogatoff's division, and who make a clique apart and refuse to keep not only the military discipline which Okama preached to us with such fervour, but even the most elementary rules of good behaviour. Sub-lieutenants of the Reserve and some young men who favour the modern "smartness" cultivated of late years in the Naval Training School, set the tone, and, although they certainly do not form the majority, are certainly the most conspicuous.

The serious-minded and well-bred among us, who take account of past events and appreciate our present position in a more rational manner, do not put themselves to the front, and, above all, take good care not to brawl on all occasions.

We have learned to-day what annoyances we were saved at Ninoshima by the energetic declarations of Dr Tadzuki, who, as Director of Sassebo Hospital, held himself guarantee for our not carrying with us the germs of any infectious disease, with the result that there was no pretext of keeping us in quarantine. The others were treated as follows. Directly they arrived, the members of each detachment were gathered together in a shed promiscuously, with no distinction of age or rank; then everyone had to strip entirely and put all his clothes into a canvas bag marked with a number which tallied with that on a copper ring which each man had to put on his finger. Whereupon, this troop of naked men was conducted to a neighbouring shed, where were large wooden tubs of water treated with anti-septic. There they were immersed, several at a time in the same bath, while the attendants watched to see that each man put his head well under the water, and deluged with buckets all those who resisted. When the bath was over, the whole crowd was sent into an adjoining hall to be vaccinated, and had to wait patiently until the lymph dried, after which they were allowed to exchange the ring for their clothes, which had in the meantime been disinfected. To finish up, they had

to endure a fortnight's confinement in the quarantine barracks.

It is only fair to admit that the Japanese, who had no information as to the sanitary condition of their prisoners, had every right to try and prevent infectious diseases being brought into their country, but they might have enforced their sanitary measures in a more agreeable way. My informant laid special stress on the words, "They pushed us about and herded us like cattle," and then he grew pale and blushed alternately at the remembrance of what he had undergone, for it was obvious to him that the conquerors could not resist the paltry satisfaction of treating Europeans in the same way as a native crowd just arrived from a country ravaged by plague.

September 3.—I awoke this morning at daybreak, before 6 o'clock. The temple buildings, with their quaint roofs, trellised galleries, arched bridges, gardens, ponds, variegated foliage of the trees, and ornamental and artistically trimmed shrubs, blended together in a wonderfully attractive picture. From all around floated up sweet smells and freshness, which caused an extraordinary increase of courage and energy to spring up within me. I suppose that all who are recovering from serious illness experience this.

I began to wander about the corridors, and saw there sights singularly out of keeping with these beautiful surroundings—groups of men, huddled round a table, who had evidently passed the night in playing cards; their faces were flushed, their eyes bloodshot, their voices hoarse—and I felt a wave of immense pity for them sweep over me, and passed on.

What wonderful masters of the art of miniature these Japanese are! The more I walk about, and the more I explore the recesses of our enclosure, the more I admire the artist (for he is no mere gardener) who, in so small a space, has been able to create the impression of a large and ancient natural park, by making use of every knoll and every small fold of the ground. Here is a craggy slope, and reaching down from it what to all appearances are not steps built by the hand of man, but merely a passage hewn out of the piled-up rocks. Here is a path barely visible in the bushy grass; yet I only have to push aside a few branches to find myself on a trim lawn, in the middle of which stands a tiny moss-grown temple dedicated to some god or other. Here is a long, flat stone, which seems to have rolled down from the rock, and to have come to rest right across the stream, which connects the two branches of the pond, so as to make a

bridge. Instinctively I cast my eye round to look for the place from which it has broken off. To think that all this is not the result of the caprice of nature, but of the well-planned work of human artists!

September 4.—It is obvious that our refusal to pledge ourselves in any way, has caused the Japanese astonishment as well as some anxiety. The Major came to find the Admiral this morning, while a lieutenant came in to us to persuade us that, after so long a period in hospital, some distractions and walks were essential to us. This manœuvre having failed, the lieutenant, who was not easily discouraged, came back in the evening to beg us to persuade the Admiral to sign the document, which, he said, was really nothing more than a mere formality. We only laughed.

September 5.—Yesterday evening while we were having tea with the Admiral, the conversation turned on the difference which exists between real active service and the “red tape” conditions and regulations in vogue at our Naval School—conditions which are absolutely contrary to those presented by practical service. The Admiral grew hot over it, and told us that it is absolutely necessary to reform the service education of our officers and

men from the very bottom, together with the organisation of our arsenals and the Admiralty. He added that we had always followed the wrong track, and had finished by falling asleep lulled by the song of "All Goes Well." Our ignorance might perhaps serve us for an excuse for the past: if we had been culpable, we had at least been sincere, and people might forgive us at a pinch; but for the present, when the war has opened our eyes, if we persist in following the old road and not profiting by our bitter experience, we shall be committing an absolutely deliberate and wilful crime which will debar us from pleading any attenuating circumstances.

I do not pledge myself that those were the exact words which the Admiral made use of, but I do declare that what I have just written contains the essence of his opinions.

September 6.—The General Commanding the Division, Lieutenant-General Ibaraki, has arrived at Osaka; he is coming to inspect, even more solemnly than Okama on the first day, the newly arrived prisoners. Everyone, from the Admiral down, was ordered to attend in the dining hall. At the last moment, however, there was a counter order, as the authorities were afraid lest the Admiral might refuse to leave his room.

In any case, Ibaraki knows how to behave himself better than Okama.

Directly he arrived at the temple he sent his A.D.C. to ask whether the Admiral would be willing to receive him, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he came hat in hand, as for a visit of courtesy.

Moreover, his good manners won him a welcome during an audience which lasted for a quarter of an hour. When he left, the Admiral accompanied him as far as the door, and took leave of him in a most cordial way, whereas he had taken no more notice of Okama than if he had not existed. All the officers, gathered in the dining-room, were formally presented to the General, who did not make any tactless speech, but confined himself to expressing in a few simple words his deep sympathy and hope to see them soon at liberty.

September 7.—For three days now we have had bad weather. Every morning our linen and our clothes are wet through and through. The food is more abominable than ever, but that is not the fault of the superintendent or of the cook, but of the system.

I ask you—How, with a grant of only 1s. 3d. a day per officer, could it be possible to give us three good meals—breakfast, lunch,

and dinner, especially with the price of meat at 11d. per lb. ? Each officer receives, besides his food, 6 roubles (12s.) a month, to keep his clothes and boots in repair, buy tobacco and soap, and meet various other trifling expenses. The upkeep of the rank-and-file prisoners is estimated at 6d. a day, all told. Taking these statistics and the numbers of prisoners of war (admirals, senior and other officers, sailors and marines) published in the Japanese newspapers, it is not difficult for the numerous unemployed mathematicians whom we number among our ranks, to calculate what entertaining the prisoners of war will cost the Japanese, supposing our release to be complete in November. The results only differ because we cannot all agree as to the exact date of departure and the numbers of the detachments ; but all the statistics approximate to £500,000 or £600,000, to which something might be added for transport, erection and upkeep of the huts, medical expenses, etc. Reckoning 100 roubles (£10) per head (an excessive estimate) for these supplementary expenses, we must add £700,000, and thus, after great thought, we arrive at a total, in round numbers, of £1,500,000, allowing, in addition to the above details, a good sum for unexpected expenditure.

I wonder, therefore, why the Japanese exacted £20,000,000 on the above count, and I am absolutely convinced that their demand was only agreed to in order to mask a war indemnity, and it was that which humiliated me more than anything else.

We cannot even make a pretence of appeasing our hunger with such meagre rations. Those who have availed themselves of the permission to go outside the temple grounds, go and have lunch every day at the Miako Hotel and take there one square meal, sufficient to last the whole day. Our position is less advantageous because only the Admiral, after much difficulty, has obtained permission to have his meals brought in from outside.

The rule on this point is rigid, as the authorities are afraid lest we might manage to have secret communications from outside brought in to us in our provision baskets. We are able, however, to make some arrangement with our cook, who, for a very moderate remuneration, is willing to eke out our daily fare a little; but he, unfortunately, very soon reaches the limit of his accomplishments, and can hardly get beyond beef-steaks and omelettes. Occasionally the canteen man gives us a ham or a case of preserves, and we have provided our-

selves well with all the necessities for making tea, coffee, or chocolate.

I have been able to get hold of the *Nippon Kai-tai-Kai-sen*, the description of the battle of Tsushima, compiled from the reports of Togo, his subordinate admirals, officers in command of ships, and various other people who took part in the fight, and even of mere spectators. It makes two big volumes in Japanese, and I have begun to translate them to-day, which will help me to kill time.

At the same time, I am giving a rub up to my Chinese characters; formerly I used to know 2500 of them, but want of practice has made me forget many of them; but now as I study them, they almost all come back to my memory quite easily.

I must confess that there are but few students among those lodged in the temple; two or three officers, it is true, like playing the naval war game, but it is always the battle of Tsushima which provides the subject. They have tried every kind of combination, but the result is always the same—it is invariably the Russians who are beaten.

On the other hand, the majority do absolutely nothing except loaf about the town all the day, or rather, bury themselves in

refreshment bars, restaurants, and tea-houses. In the evening and at night they play cards, and it is very seldom that these parties end without scenes of drunkenness and quarrelling.

September 8.—The rain has stopped, but the cold has come: in the mornings it is only 55° Fahr. and everything is drenched, because the mist is just as thick inside the room as outside. That is not astonishing, for, of the three partitions which separate me from the open air, one is of cardboard, and the other two of very thin and transparent oil-paper.

September 9.—I got chilled in bed last night and have got a cold—also I am coughing like the d——, and have a sick headache into the bargain.

September 10.—The French Vice-Consul at Kobe has been to see us. Why? We are lost in conjecture. Probably it is to discharge an unpleasant, but necessary duty, for he has been appointed intermediary between us and the Japanese authorities. After this he will be able to say: "I have been to see them and get personal knowledge of their wants." I tried to speak to him of the food which they are giving us, but he merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "That all comes

of their being unable to understand your European tastes."

Tanaka, who has just been appointed captain of a cruiser, came in this morning to enquire after the health of the Admiral, on behalf of the Minister of Marine and the Chief of the Naval Staff, and to bring him, in the name of the International Committee of 'Red Cross' ladies, five boxes of Egyptian cigarettes and five cases of champagne, which the Admiral sent at once to our mess. I am very much taken with this Tanaka; he reminds me of my old friend Nomoto.

September 11.—It is almost as if summer had returned, so beautiful and warm is the evening.

September 12.—Nebogatoff had already paid two pretty long calls on the Admiral before to-day, but I had not met him. The Japanese Government, having been notified officially that he and the commanding officers of his division have had their commissions suspended, and are therefore no longer on the active list, has made haste to set them free, and they leave to-morrow.

Nebogatoff came this morning to say good-bye, and by chance we met in the verandah, and he stopped me, and we talked for a while. I confess that my first opinion of him is

a bit shaken, in spite of its having been so firmly rooted. I did not wish to speak to him of the surrender of the officers who had been placed under his command—it was too much of a burning question. What good would it do to open up old wounds? His position is not so very agreeable even without that.

The circumstances certainly were desperate: the Japanese, who were masterly in their choice of range, kept about $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$ miles away from him, and shot at his ships from this safe distance without running the slightest risk, owing to their superiority in speed and the longer range of their guns, just as if they were at target practice—and it is of this that we ought to be most ashamed of all. Nebogatoff assured me that he was making haste to get to Russia in order to demand to be put on trial. He wants all the world to know wherein his guilt really lies. As he was incapable of inflicting any injury whatever on the enemy, he might at least, some critics have said, have sunk his ships and tried to save the men in the boats; but as he was certain that 75 out of every 100 would certainly perish, he could not make up his mind to hoist a signal condemning to death 1500 of the young sailors who had been entrusted to his charge.

“Yes, I had not the courage to do it, and to

this alone I plead guilty. I am sure you will believe that it was not to save my own skin that I acted thus: I was the Admiral, and means would always have been found of saving me. Even if I had wanted to drown myself, they would have taken good care to fish me out by force; the Japs first of all, as I represented a trophy of war to them. Oh no! it was not for my sake, but for the men's. My heart failed me—well, let them put me on trial!”

That was, indeed, the only argument which could have justified him. It is quite clear that he had nothing to fear for his own life, and that it was not to save himself that he surrendered his ships.

September 13.—Warm and wet.

September 14. — This morning Monsieur Armand, the French Minister, and his naval attaché, Martini, arrived with Okama and the Major. As always, the Admiral ignored the existence of Okama, and explained the reason of his conduct to the Minister. He could not permit a mere major-general to preach him a sermon in public on military discipline and good behaviour. No! he could not forgive him for that.

Armand invited us to dinner this evening at the Miako Hotel; he had also invited some Japs.

September 15.—Nothing new.

September 16.—At 10 o'clock this morning, there was a slight earthquake shock.

September 17.—Cold and gloomy weather.

September 18.—Same as yesterday.

CHAPTER VIII

Life and customs of prisoners of war—Japanese system of pin-pricks—Politics—Our extreme right, and extreme left.

September 19.—The great toe of my left foot is very troublesome. About a fortnight after the operation it apparently healed up, and soon a new toe nail began to grow in place of the one that was torn off, and now I have a fresh annoyance. For no obvious reason the toe has become swollen and inflamed. The doctors shrugged their shoulders, and said it was caused by the scar not allowing the new toe nail to grow normally. They ordered it to be bathed in hot water three times a day. For a short while this treatment relieved it, but afterwards the pain began again. I accomplished the journey from Sassebo to Kioto in loose slippers. At Kioto the doctor's advice was the same—that until the nail grew, the

toe was to be kept in hot fomentations. I dared not doubt his opinion, but was very much worried as to how I was to put on boots on leaving. The right leg was slowly but surely growing stronger and becoming manageable, although occasionally when I walked, and was not paying particular attention, it would suddenly give way. It only hurt when there was a change of weather.

September 20.—The thermometer stood at $55\frac{1}{2}$ degrees Fahrenheit in my room this morning.

Our seclusion here does not differ much from confinement in prison. The only difference is that there is plenty of light and air. There is an ample supply of the latter, but it is cold and damp.

September 22.—The treaty of peace reached Japan to-day for ratification.

A copy of Apuchtin was found somewhere or other, and we arranged a literary evening with him. D—— does not read badly. How keenly one realises that Apuchtin wrote, not for the sake of work, nor even for the sake of glory, but simply because at a psychological moment he felt inspired. He did not compose, he did not seek subjects : they flowed from the depths of his soul, giving an accurate picture of the frame of mind that possessed him at the

time. How extraordinarily characteristic is the farewell letter of a suicide to his lawyer; the carelessly jesting tone which hides such infinite despair, such unbearable pain, and the knowledge that all is in the past, and nothing in the future.

“Where art thou, my cruel scourge, who dost chasten and oppress?”

Where art thou, my radiant star, whose glowing rays
caress?”

After poetry came prose. *The Diary of Paul Dolsky* brought strange thoughts into my head. Here indeed is what a typical man of our time and society thinks (or ought to think) on discovering that old age is upon him, that life is spent, is spent in vain. Nothing useful has been done. But is it only the fault of Paul himself? Involuntarily one recalls another childless, solitary man, who lived twenty-five centuries ago, and died at the age of forty-five—that is, approximately, at the age at which Paul wrote his own obituary. When the friends of Epaminoudas complained that he was dying without leaving any posterity, he answered them, full of pride and happiness: “I leave to Greece two deathless daughters, Leuctra and Mantinea.”—And how about us?

September 23.—I try to have no dealings

with the Japanese, and therefore personally have nothing to complain about. But others enjoying the right of "free promenade" are very much dissatisfied. According to them, the Japanese deliberately try to take advantage of the remaining days of their power to make life unbearable by petty annoyances. Yesterday Lieutenant B—— was five minutes late : he returned from the town at 6.5 instead of at 6 P.M. ; and they took away his pass granting the right of exit. The most insulting thing of all is that, *de facto*, similar orders—the right to punish or pardon—emanate from none other than a police sergeant, who speaks a little Russian, and is placed at the disposal of the subaltern in charge of our temple. This is not done by mere accident, but is a regular system, which is acutely felt by us in our position. Orders are given to the prisoners by a person ranking considerably below them in their service capacity. A major comes to an admiral with orders, a subaltern to staff officers, a non-commissioned officer to his senior officers.

September 24.—A bright, hot autumn day.

September 25.—Some English officers and sailors from the squadron that has arrived at Kobe, came to Kyoto to-day. They are honouring their allies. Our men have been

advised to refrain from walking out, to avert possible misunderstandings.

Judging by the papers, the treaty of peace has already been ratified, but we are still under guard.

September 27.—Nothing fresh.

September 28.—I read in the *Strannik* (Pilgrim) yesterday (it is sent us from the clergy mission) an interview with L. N. Tolstoi, on the eternal subject of life and death. Tolstoi considers death the awakening, and life a sleep, with dreams, in the midst of some other existence, infinitely broader and more vital than that of the immediate reality surrounding us. Why has a man fallen asleep? This question he leaves unanswered, but further on gives an exceedingly alluring example. A man sleeps soundly, unconscious that he is asleep, sees a vision and thinks it real: such a man leads a purely animal life. Another one sleeps badly—feels, though uneasily, that it is only a dream: a man like the last seeks a solution of the deepest problems, and on waking is dissatisfied when he tries to recall them. A quiet death from old age means that a man has slept enough, and does not wish to sleep any more. An early death means an awakening, from external causes; suicide, a desperate effort with

which one awakes from a nightmare. A harmonious and beautiful hypothesis, only it is a pity that there is no experiment which could test it. For instance, those friends and comrades (I do not speak of thousands of unknown people) who were suddenly "awakened" at Tsushima! Can it be they all slept so soundly that they quite forgot their dream, and not one of them enquired after myself or anyone else? It is strange!

There is one thing I feel certain about: judging by what is heard of our naval ministry, and by what I see around me, there is little hope that in the near future there will be an improvement and real efficiency in the service: and not the endless drudgery of "notching off points." If that is the case, according to Tolstoi's theory, I have slept enough, and in justice to myself should be awakened—or is this a nightmare, and must I do it myself.

My nerves are so shattered, my frame of mind so gloomy, that after tea at the Admiral's I attacked X—— like a wild beast, and took him to task severely. He is a typical Transundian, who already anticipates the joys of returning to the parental roof, and swells with pride and self-confidence. What the Japanese did at Port Arthur is better known to him than to me, because at Transund everything was

verified by scientific experiments. "Ah! betrayers of the fleet."

September 29.—Martini, the French naval attaché, sent me a letter of four pages. He says that nothing is known at the Embassy as to when, or under what conditions, our liberation will take place. They are informed (from Paris) that a special Russian Commission for taking over prisoners of war will arrive, which will be furnished with the necessary instructions and full powers, and to which they are to render every assistance. The news from Russia in the papers is so contradictory and incoherent that it is sickening to read. However, they are only local papers.

We are having the same clear moonlight nights that we had when we first came here. All this beauty of nature and climate is for them! Why is it? Perhaps it is that although we have many patriots willing to devote their lives to our fatherland, the Japanese are always ready to die gladly for theirs. Perhaps this is only justice.

September 30.—According to the papers, the treaty of peace was ratified on the 27th, but the severity towards us is worse than it was before. In my opinion, the Japanese are acting foolishly by harassing us in this manner.

Many of those returning from captivity

were formerly friendly to Japan, and are now her enemies. I repeat that I personally have no intercourse with them, but I cannot help seeing and hearing. I was always a warm advocate of the idea of a union with Japan (and even published several articles in 1900-1901 in which I showed that we could very well amicably fix the boundaries with our neighbour), and the Japanese as a nation were much inclined towards it, but I now swear that if there should be a fresh war with Japan, I will certainly take part in it. If on account of inefficiency I am retired, and they will not accept me on service, I shall beg to be a passenger (correspondent or anything). If they refuse, I shall enlist as cook. I long to get back there, if it is only to see how our guns will fire on them.

October 1.—Pokrov.¹ Exactly a year ago, on a dull rainy day, the fleet came out of Libau Harbour. A service for those about to travel was held, and the priest of the *Suvōroff*, Father Nazare, prayed “that the noble lord Zenovi” and all his company might have “health, salvation, victory, and mastery over the enemy.” How far off all this seems.

We have a large dining-room, where a travelling church is arranged. An orthodox

¹ A Russian feast of intercession to the Virgin.

priest (a Japanese, Father Simeon Mia) celebrates Mass in Russian. A trifling incident gives a clear example of the conduct of the Japanese towards their prisoners of war. A Japanese gendarme is obliged to be present at the service, in order to watch (the devil knows what he is to watch. Perhaps they are afraid that letters and telegrams will be handed to the priest unknown to the censor). Movable screens forming the outer wall of the dining-room were altogether taken away, so that it was only separated from the veranda by a few pillars. This gendarme would bring a chair, place it in the veranda directly opposite the doors of the altar, sit down, cross one leg over the other, push his cap on to the back of his head, and smoke a cigarette.

The senior of those present (the Admiral was not there, as he was not yet able to stand for any length of time) pointed out to the gendarme the impropriety of his conduct, and received the reply, that he was there in discharge of service duties. The flag-captain, at the request of those present, handed in a report of the occurrence to the commander of the garrison. It will be interesting to know what will come of it.¹

¹ What happened was "that with a view to avoid misunderstandings," it was ordered that in future service was not to be held in the travelling church.

October 2, 3, and 4.—I have thought it best to omit these pages of my diary, and will only say a few words on the cause of the events noted in them. The news of the political agitations that were going on in Russia could not fail to find an echo among the prisoners of war. This news was gathered from papers edited in English, but under Japanese censorship, and of course represented the position of affairs in the darkest light. The inhabitants of the temples (not only ours but others), with that political ignorance which I had already noticed in Sassebo (on account of the manifesto of 6th August), divided themselves into parties of the most extreme views. There was not only no centre, but not even a modified right and left. To tell some of them that you rejoice at the institution of the Imperial Duma, and find it desirable to broaden its legislative rights, was to earn the title of agitator, revolutionary, and even anarchist. Talk to others on the advantage of the Imperial Council, reformed into the likeness of existing upper chambers, and they turn from you with disgust and condemn you as a member of the "black hundred." Especial indignation is called forth from both sides by the statement that the army and navy should be outside party politics; that this rule is universally recognised; and

that nowhere have men in the services the right of a vote at elections. More than once this question has led me into a quarrel. I pointed to the example of Poland, where the nobles formed an army, and at the same time occupied themselves with politics, established a confederation, and brought the kingdom to ruin. Another example : Spain is a kingdom arising from the ruins of her colonies with their “*pronunciamento*” proclaimed by military circles. “What should be the creed of a service man, in your opinion?” was a question once propounded by a certain vehement partisan of the constituent assembly. “Yes, that would be interesting to hear,” chimed in another, who knew nothing beyond autocracy, orthodoxy, and nationalism.

“It appears to me that this creed was brilliantly formulated more than a century ago, by a man—not in the services—but no fool.”

“Who was that?”

“Ostermann. You remember how they awakened him in the night and asked him the fateful question : ‘What emperor do you serve?’ and he, with deep conviction, answered : ‘The one now happily reigning.’”

From that time I was equally obnoxious in the eyes of both parties.

“And you, forgetting your duty to your

country, are prepared to serve the old regime ! to defend the Government that is leading Russia to shame !” exclaimed someone.

“So it means that if, when we return to Russia, a Convention is sitting, you are ready to serve it ?” joined in others.

This method of arguing is an old and purely Russian custom. It is just as it was at the time of the schism, when no one was asked the crucial question, “Do you believe in the power of the Sign of the Cross ?” without fulminating anathemas at one another. They even burnt each other at the stake for such questions of dogma as to whether two or three fingers should be used in crossing themselves.

However, all these discussions were a mere passing mental phase, and the majority of my comrades recovered their balance of mind, and on returning to Russia, former revolutionaries gave up visions of a constituent assembly ; and furious “black hundreds” made peace unconditionally, with an effective Imperial Duma. In some cases the metamorphosis even went so far (again the adaptability of our nature), that the reds of yesterday turned into Conservatives, and former absolutists dreamt of a ministry responsible to the Imperial Duma. And we are all still in the service !

I have considered it right to publish these

pages, in order not to place in a somewhat false position those whose opinions and declarations were written down by me at that time. There was something infinitely more serious, alarming, and even outrageous, about which I cannot be silent, but which I shall refer to later on.

CHAPTER IX

After the ratification of the Treaty of Peace—Our Japanophiles
—A dinner that never took place—General Daniloff and
the Members of the Commission—Cold—Last days of cap-
tivity—Freedom—The wound on my left foot reopens.

October 5.—The formal ratification of the treaty of peace is officially announced in to-day's papers. We were informed that for the future the guard on the temple remained only for the protection of the late prisoners of war from possible attacks on the part of the ignorant populace, who were dissatisfied with the terms of the treaty—that we were perfectly free; but in the event of any distant excursion beyond the town, they begged that we would give notice, in order that the authorities responsible for our safety might take the necessary precautions. Our Japanese subaltern appeared with a joyful face and handed me a piece of pasteboard (rather like a large-sized visiting

card), on which was written in Japanese that so and so (my name and rank) is permitted to visit all places that he wishes to see. In a word, it was a kind of passport. I thanked him, and wished to avail myself of my privilege to-day, but suddenly discovered that the authorities (intentionally or unintentionally I do not know) had blundered. It appeared that it was necessary before going out, to present the card that had been brought to me in such triumph by the subaltern, to the police sergeant, and to inform him at what hour I should return. If this hour were after sunset, then it was necessary to obtain permission, ostensibly from the Commander of the Garrison, but in reality not from him, but from the Major, the subaltern, and in the end from the very same police sergeant, who would begin to question why you wished to return at such a time, where did you intend to go, etc. I gave up the idea of the excursion, and, calling for the subaltern, returned him the card and explained that according to our ideas, it was unbecoming for a staff officer to request permission to return at a certain time, from a junior, with the risk of receiving a refusal depending on his judgment. A similar case actually occurred to-day. "Why do you wish to return at 10 o'clock?" asked the sergeant. "I intend to

dine at an hotel, and play billiards," answered the good-natured Russian. "You can go till 9 o'clock: I will write it down at that," was the reply.

October 6.—How has the feeling of self-respect—I will not say the feeling of one's own worth—been corroded out of these people? They have apparently forgotten everything, and are prepared to fraternise with the Japanese. It is disgusting. Let us take a living example—(this is an explanation of the "disgusting"): I do not refer to the time immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, but to the present day, thirty-five years later—a Frenchman (especially a service man) will not look at a German if he can help it. It makes him uncomfortable. He thinks that everyone he meets will stare and look upon him as one of the "vanquished"—and how can he resent this? But look at our people—No, evidently I was born either too soon or too late.

By the kind permission of a Japanese gendarme, our people run about the town, and on returning, gleefully recount how the street urchins (so brave) put their tongues out and cry, "Tse-u-tsin" (foreign devil); how they were received in a Japanese eating-house (of course for money), and taught to eat with chopsticks; how (overcoming their repug-

nance) they ate raw fish to avoid shocking their table companions, and found it excellent. They seemed to forget (perhaps they never acknowledged it) that defeat was an insult that could only be washed out by victory. They forgot the sacred resentment which they should carry in their hearts, in the hunger for which future generations must be educated. They forgot the shameful destruction of their fatherland—and perhaps, too, they forgot their fatherland itself, Russia. Can this word have lost its meaning for them?

“God with us!” Are we still entitled to bear this proud motto? Will not every European who sees a Russian officer fawning on a Japanese, say, “God with you?” The glorious invincibility of Russia, heaped up during centuries, has crumbled away. How shall we resurrect it? Evidently a cataclysm is necessary—not war—but the extermination of empires and nations, in order to restore our lost prestige.

October 7.—Okama came to-day and announced the ratification of the treaty in a triumphant speech. I suspect that though he read the announcement from a paper, he composed it himself. It would have been done better by an official order.

It is raining in torrents. Three days ago

was the festival of bringing the first ripe ears of grain into the temple; but the rice remains green, and it is useless to think of the harvest. It is a consolation. (I am not ashamed of rejoicing at the misfortunes of others.)

October 8.—I cannot tear myself from the same old subject. Yesterday Z—— drove to Oſaka and returned at night, not having had permission (he had driven out with several others). This morning, when they made a fuss about it, he was very brave—said that as peace was concluded he was a free man, and that if anything happened, he knew how to stand up for himself: but at eleven o'clock in the morning, having learnt that in spite of his friendship with the gendarmes, his late return had been noted in a book, he immediately cringed to the Japanese subaltern. He walked arm-in-arm with him and invited him to dine somewhere. The subaltern was captious at first, but afterwards allowed himself to be persuaded, and promised not to report him.

October 9.—There were 50° F. in my room last night. It is not much positively.

October 10.—The French Ambassador telegraphs that yesterday General Daniloff, President of the Commission for the Transfer

of the Prisoners of War, left Vladivostok for Nagasaki in the *Bogatyr*.

October 12.—The last days of captivity are the most trying. It is cold. The devil take all my writing !

October 14.—A major came to the Admiral to-day on a highly diplomatic mission. He announced that the Chief of the Division and other Commanders proposed to entertain us (the former prisoners of war) at a farewell dinner. The Admiral of course thanked them, but replied that though such an invitation was undoubtedly made with the knowledge and approval of the highest Japanese authorities, we were deprived meanwhile of the possibility of obtaining in good time the sanction of our own Government for its acceptance, and therefore it would be better not to raise the question at all. A refusal—but in such a form that the Major could only express his thanks. I will again make a comparison. Would some German general in charge of French prisoners of war, after the Franco-Prussian war, have proposed something similar? Certainly not. The Germans could not fail to respect their enemy. They would be afraid of placing both themselves and the French in an awkward position by such a proposal. Why did the Japanese run such a risk? Was it on account of their

naïveté?—hardly that—it was simply because they have no respect for us—and not without reason. We ourselves give them sufficient cause—to say nothing of X—— and Z——, who are ready to admire a common log of wood because it is “genuine Japanese.” These are cranks.

A little while ago, to-day, as I was passing an office, I witnessed the following scene: Three Japanese soldiers, one of them a non-commissioned officer speaking a little Russian, and a Russian staff officer were sitting at a table smoking and conversing amicably together about the curiosities of Kioto which were worth seeing. No wonder the Japanese treat us in an offhand manner.

October 15.—This morning there were 48° F.

October 16.—The Admiral received a telegram from the French Ambassador, to the effect that flag-officers with their staffs, and captains of ships, are permitted to return at their own convenience.

October 17.—The Admiral positively declines to return in a roundabout way on board a foreign steamer. Unlike General Stössel, he telegraphed a request to General Daniloff to be allowed to sail for Vladivostok in the *Voronege*, which would be one of the first

ships to leave Japan. I fully understood him.

It was characteristic of General Daniloff that he did not pay the Admiral a visit in passing through Kioto, nor send any one of the numerous members of his Commission to confer with him; nor did he even deign to address a single word to him, either by post or telegraph. I am loth to believe the newspapers. They are publishing such queer news of the state of affairs in Russia.

October 18.—I prevailed on N—— N——, as the senior officer resident in the temple (not counting the Admiral), to intercede with the Japanese authorities on behalf of our youngsters, whom the Japanese gendarmes are deriding for their surrender.

October 19-20.—[These are the pages I have decided to omit.]

October 21.—The Japanese, notwithstanding the courteous but categorical refusal of the Admiral, are evidently bent upon trying to arrange a dinner . . . and not without good grounds. It is a fact that the majority (not only here, but in the other places of confinement) made a grateful and polite refusal, influenced by the motives expressed by the Admiral; yet, some were to be found who accepted the invitation. Do you know why? In order to

prove their independence, to show that they were not influenced by the Admiral. Who can fail to be angry with them? But as for our crank Japanophiles—I can only clench my fists. They nearly wept at the thought that a real Japanese dinner with geishas might fall through. I rejoiced with all my heart (and up to now I have not repented of this feeling) when information was received that, on account of the small number of those accepting the invitation, to the great distress of the Commander of the Garrison, the dinner could not take place.

October 22. — Feeling depressed. Absolutely nothing doing, and no news from anywhere. The autumn wind is moaning dismally; dead leaves are whirling in the air and fall against our cardboard walls; trees, half-bared of their foliage, swing and twist their branches in a grotesque manner. The pond is covered with rubbish and is dirty. It is not a pond but a muddy puddle: even the fish have buried themselves in the slime. My spirits have gone down to the depths. Oh, if only I could bury myself too . . . deep, deep, ever so deep, head and all.

October 23.—The temperature at 8 A.M. was 45·4° F. My hands are freezing.

One of our midshipmen, Prince G——,

returned from Tokio, whither he had been dispatched to make investigations. He tells such stories that we are loth to believe them. For some reason the brave General Daniloff had been appointed President of the Commission for the Transfer of the Prisoners of War, straight from the front, where he was threatening the enemy. The General inquired what he should do in Japan? They replied: "The French Ambassador will inform you, but you are, in the first place, to choose six staff-officers as members of the Commission, an aide-de-camp, a secretary, and clerks." No sooner said than done. They went on board the *Bogatyr* and sailed. The authorities had enrolled the captain of the *Bogatyr* as a member of the Commission, but he was boycotted, as he was inclined to be caustic and was frankly bored by the talk of what was customary in international communications.

Upon arrival at Nagasaki they left him behind (under a specious pretext), and proceeded themselves to Tokio. At Tokio a new difficulty presented itself; the General, his aide-de-camp, and the members of the Commission knew only a few words of domestic and gastronomical import in any of the foreign languages, and whenever the Japanese tried to approach the Commission in French or

English, they positively affirmed that they did not understand Japanese. It proved necessary, even for the correspondence with the French Ambassador, to engage a Japanese interpreter ! At a luncheon at the French Legation in which the midshipman took part, he found himself in the rôle of dragoman, and could not help overhearing the General encouraging his aide-de-camp and urging him not to lose a chance, and to find out all he could from him. M. Armand had informed the Admiral that he was expecting the arrival of a Commission, the president of which would be furnished with the necessary instructions and authority, but that this president was asking him : "Where are the prisoners ? how many are there ? how are they to be discharged to their homes ? Please give me instructions."

The result was that the Japanese took the initiative in their own hands, and the brave General was left with no alternative but to carry out their orders. Through ignorance of languages, he was not always successful in doing this.

Oh, my beloved fatherland ! I recognise your hand in this. Could they really not have found a single general, and a half-score of staff officers who could speak foreign languages ? How many such there were with the active army.

Why was this low comedy necessary? What confusion, what embarrassment, what lack of organisation! Did not a great soldier (I forget who it was) say, "organisation is the mother of victory."

I was so much annoyed, that I went to bed at 7 P.M. The devil take it; there is not much sleep to be had in 41° F. I was awakened by the cold and went to have tea with the Admiral.

October 24.—The temperature at 8 A.M. was 36·4° F. My hands were like hooks, as the proverb says. I can hardly scratch these lines. I walked round the temple. There were pictures similar to "The Retreat from Moscow," or "The Russians at the Shipka Pass."

People sit huddled up, wrapped in blankets, and squeeze themselves as close as they can round the "khibatches" (coal pans).

Admiral Viren was here to-day. My sympathy is with him, although at Port Arthur he energetically contended that by transferring our guns on shore we should prove of more service to the defence. Recalling the battle of Shan-tung, I am now, perhaps, prepared to agree with him. Could real seamen have backed out of a fight already half won, because the commander of the fleet was killed and the flagship had left the line? And if there are no

sailors, then can we hope for successful actions at sea?

The Admiral, who had already received a somewhat frigid permission from General Daniloff to go to Vladivostok in the *Voronege*, invited Viren to go with him. The latter, of course, was very much pleased, as he was not at all inclined to be a target for the kodaks and pens of war correspondents for the next two months.

Midnight.—It is bitterly cold. I burnt a whole bottle of methylated spirit in a saucepan in trying to warm the room. It was no use.

October 25.—I woke at 7 A.M.; the temperature was 35° F.

October 26.—I have installed a gigantic “khibatch” in my room. It warms me, but I have a bad cold and a headache. No matter what the coal is, it gives off fumes.

October 27.—The orderlies were drunk to-day and created a disturbance which ended in a fight. We can only control them by words of reproof, which is not worth much in their eyes, and the Japanese emphasise the fact that spirits are allowed for all those living in the temple.

October 28.—[I omit this.]

October 29.—We received official notice that

we are to be released on Monday, 31st October (13th November). The captain of the *Voronege*—an old acquaintance of mine—came to report to the Admiral that he is awaiting his arrival.

October 30.—The last day of captivity; hasty preparations. Many people came to wish the Admiral a pleasant journey. Deputations came from the wardrooms of different ships. Is it through conscience or through fear? God grant it is the former.

Welcome dear fatherland! How much have I endured physically and mentally . . . Must I repeat it? We failed. We did not know how to gain a victory. What then? Were we not willing? Were we afraid? Did we not go? But if we did not know how to win, have we not paid for it with our blood? Receive us, saved by a miracle from certain death. And believe that every throb of this still beating heart belongs to thee. It was not I, it was not my will—fate herself preserved me and did not allow me to perish as I wished. Not wantonly. Why? . . . To serve thee! No, I have no other wish. . . . An oath, a fearful oath I swear: for thee—the whole remainder of my days, all my strength, and all my blood. For thee—everything! . . .

In a French novel I came across the

sentence : “ Mon Dieu, si je ne suis bon à rien, que je meurs ! ” This is a justifiable wish which ought to be granted if a supreme justice exists at all. And here am I unscathed. At a time when men were falling like flies, in the turrets and in the conning tower, I, wandering about the decks and bridges, remained untouched. Three times were the fire parties who worked under my direction annihilated, and I was only wounded. I was captured ; I might have been tried and punished as a fugitive from the *Diana*. I narrowly escaped. Was it at random ? was it all chance ?

October 31.—I had to rise at dawn. The dawn of freedom. And oh ! how cold it was. Everything is collected and packed. The train leaves at 9.38 A.M. Okama came to say good-bye and wish us good luck. There was another parting at the station, where all the chief officials had gathered. The train started. At a sign from the General all the Japanese waved their caps and shouted “ hurrah.” Thank God, it is over. At Osaka, General Ibaraki, the Divisional Commander, with his staff, fulfilled the pleasant duty of wishing us a happy journey. On, on ! At Kobe station we saw General Daniloff with his aide-de-camp (a captain, I forget his name) and the captain of the *Voronege*, who was evidently directing the

movements of our men, who felt themselves lost in a Japanese crowd.

I cannot omit to state that as it subsequently transpired, only the interference of the captain spared us from a very unpleasant ordeal. The General having completely surrendered the initiative to the Japanese, who have everything so wonderfully ordered, was preparing to take over the Admiral and his staff as he would the lower ranks, *i.e.*, by counting them on the pier when entering the boat, in the eyes of the curious crowd. The captain of the *Voronege* convinced him, not without difficulty, that such a parade was out of place and unnecessary, as the Japanese did not at all insist on it.

Thank God! Once more on Russian territory, under a Russian flag! Although it is not customary on board a merchant ship (the Volunteer fleet fly the merchant flag), as we stepped on deck from the gangway everyone saluted as if it were a warship.

November 1.—With difficulty I was aroused at 9 A.M. On the day of our transfer to the ship, the big toe of my left foot gave me great pain, though I hardly walked at all. As soon as I came on board, I hastened to pull off my boots and put on slippers. To-day, by special

order, some lace boots of American make were brought to me from the shore. They were of such dimensions, and so wide across the foot, that my bad toe was installed as though it were in a reserved cabin.

Evening.—I cannot refrain from a previous remark : at Kioto, in the midst of dirt and petty cavilling, freezing with cold, and tormented with hunger, life was easier than it is here now. A multitude of small worries obscured our chief sorrow then. Now that the first raptures of our freedom have subsided, and everything around is so pleasant and comfortable, oppressive thoughts are again disturbing me. It is hard.

In spite of all the cabins being fully occupied, we had to take another passenger—Major-General S——. He came here and went straight to the Admiral. “For God’s sake take me with you,” he said, “for I don’t know when I may expect my turn to leave, with this blessed Daniloff Commission.” The Admiral answered that he was not in command here, but as the captain had given up his own cabin to him, in which there was a sofa besides a bed, he begged him to make use of it; however, he was not allowed such self-denial. The captain had a brilliant idea : he proposed that I should move into a common cabin

usually occupied by a stewardess, and that the General should have my berth in the double cabin. I agreed with pleasure. True, instead of a luxurious bedstead I only had a very short and narrow bunk (they must choose exceptionally small stewardesses in the Volunteer fleet), and I could hardly turn round in my new quarters, but then I had it all to myself—a great advantage.

The wound on my left foot has reopened and is suppurating. The ship's doctor examined it, and decided that there must be some foreign matter in the wound—either a fragment of shell or piece of bone that had been overlooked. He did not advise me to have an operation during the journey, but recommended me to change the bandages twice a day till we came to St Petersburg. I of course agreed. It would be very offensive to be sent again to a Japanese hospital from a Russian ship.

November 2.—To-day they embarked the rest of the men; and the last passengers, Rear-Admiral Viren and his flag-lieutenant, arrived on board.

At 3.30 P.M., the Orthodox priest, Simeon Mia (a Japanese), who had come from Kioto, held a farewell service.

M. Martini (the French naval attaché), the

French consul at Kobe, and even General Daniloff with his adjutant, came to say good-bye.

The Admiral looks vigorous, though he has grown thin from hardships and worries (during the last days at Kioto). He is a mere skeleton; the doctor says that that is a trifle, his nerves are of iron; they will sustain him so that he will outlive all of us. If only they do not give way. I agree with him. If he is employed again in St Petersburg, he will live and put on flesh, but if he is retired he will not last long.¹

¹ The Commander's shrewd prognostication verified itself. Upon his return to St Petersburg, Admiral Rojěstvensky was rapidly and skilfully shelved "out of mischief's way," and this wonderful man's heroic and humble martyrdom was ended by death during the year 1909.—Ed.

CHAPTER X

On board the *Voronege*—First signs of discontent—To Nagasaki instead of to Vladivostok—Propaganda among the prisoners of war—Disorders in the steamer—Speedy pacification—On board the *Yakut*—In sight of our native land.

November 30.—They were prepared for sea last evening, but were detained by the fouling of the cables. I waited until I could wait no longer, and went to bed. A bad omen. At 2.15 A.M. I was awakened by the noise of the propellers. I looked out of the port; we were turning. At 2.20 we went ahead and lay on our course. In a good hour, thank God! The weather is calm; there is a bright moon, though it is cloudy.

Evening.—We are steaming well. At noon a fairly fresh north-easter was blowing. It was rather cold. Now it has gone down and it is warmer. We eat and sleep as we have not done for some time. During supper the men made a disturbance on account of the bad

quality of the food. Someone climbed on to the top of the fore hatchway, and made an inflammatory speech. It ran as follows:—
“Gentlemen, they do nothing but rob us men, whose sweat and blood is held cheap.” (I omit expressions not fit for publication.) With much satisfaction I consider it my duty to remark that the captain of the *Voronege* rose to the occasion. He went straight to the crowd, and begged them not to cry out all at once, but to state clearly what was the matter. They told him that the porridge was musty—
“Look here,” they said, “your own stewards would not touch it—why won’t they look at it? Besides, it is not boiled, and you can’t eat it raw.”

“Well, how was I to guess that the stewards wouldn’t eat it,” said the captain. “I have tasted it with jam, and find that it is musty and not fit to eat. I shall order another supper for you. But why make a fuss? I am no more to blame than the stewards.” Then followed an explanation highly convincing to the lower ranks, but little to be understood by readers unacquainted with naval jargon.

“That is so! he is quite right,” they exclaimed. Murmurs of approval were heard after he had finished.

This first time the mutiny miscarried, and tranquillity was restored—will it be for long?

The leaders did not consider their point gained. A non-commissioned officer of some railway battalion came up to the bridge as spokesman, and talked to the captain on behalf of the others, not only about the events of the present moment, but also of things in general. Among various other questions he propounded the following. The allowance for the upkeep of a soldier for a year is 600 roubles; but only 50 are spent on him. Who has stolen the remaining 550?

He was evidently repeating something he had learnt by heart, not knowing what he was talking about, but taking it for the truth. I could stand it no longer and interfered. I asked him if he knew arithmetic. He was positively offended. "Well," I said, "then here you are. The peace establishment of our army is more than a million, and it means that if, for the upkeep of one soldier, 600 roubles a year are set aside, the total will amount to 600 millions. But what about fortresses, barracks, warlike stores? they will cost as much. The total will then come to $1\frac{1}{2}$ milliards! Can you suppose the War Office spends as much? Do you know the estimates?" The non-commissioned officer, somewhat confused, hurriedly

ended the conversation and went away, but was not convinced. I heard him audibly grumble as he went down the ladder towards the group of comrades awaiting him. "We know these figures, it is easy to juggle with them."

At 9.5 P.M. we anchored at the entrance to Shimonoseki Bay. The pilot did not undertake to pilot us by night.

Midnight.—Outwardly all was quiet. There was a report that meetings were being held in the hold and resolutions being carried. A guard of our *Suvōroff* sailors was posted by the captain's cabin where the Admiral was quartered. Unfortunately they were unarmed. There were only 56 officers in the steamer, and only five revolvers among them. A few (of whom I was one) enjoyed the right of obtaining them from the moment of the official liberation. It was reassuring to feel that I had one in my pocket, even though it was an inferior one, and to know that in case of attack they could not hit you over the head with a stick, or seize you unceremoniously by the collar and throw you overboard. In the wardroom of the steamer a notice is nailed up: "On going to sea all the ship's company must be on board, etc." Of course this is absurd. The men are not impressed by these notices,

but ignore them ; anyway the prevailing frame of mind on board is not reassuring.

November 4.—About 3 A.M. (the sentry either did not suspect or was asleep) a drunken soldier crept into the Admiral's cabin, and demanded that he should instantly be given vodka. He said : "We have spilt our blood. You ought to feel for us, and make much of us now we are free again." The Admiral lay in bed completely defenceless. Fortunately the sentry heard a noise, the guard ran up, and the drunkard was led out ; but they could not arrest him. He immediately disappeared among the half-drunken crowd awaiting him on the forecastle.

In the morning, just as we had begun to weigh anchor, a Japanese cutter approached us, and handed the captain a secret dispatch :—"Detain steamer, as there is a military mutiny at Vladivostok." At 10 A.M. we crossed to Moji, lay there, and hoisted the quarantine flag. The official explanation of the cause of detention was—"On account of plague at the port of our departure." As a matter of fact, there were two cases of plague at Kobe, one of which had been brought there from Hong-Kong. However, thanks to communications with the shore, through merchants who came in boats, the men were quickly in-

formed of the truth, and the disaffection increased.

At 1 P.M. the *Yaroslav* (which had left Kobe a little before us and was also detained here) left for Nagasaki. About 4 o'clock the *Voronege* went there too.

I am obliged to say a few words on account of occasional remarks interspersed in my diary. The subject refers to all kinds of revolutionary propaganda countenanced by the Japanese among the lower ranks of the prisoners of war. The private correspondence of the latter, their intercourse with their country, and with their nearest superiors (the latter often to be found in the same town), and even with the lower ranks who were confined in the neighbouring camps, was made difficult and hedged round by a mass of formalities. So widely opened were the doors of the barracks, for the importation of leaflets and books issued by various committees in America and in Japan itself, that the preachers of revolutionary (it would be more correct to say anarchist) ideas did not need either the co-operation of the French Legation or the special permission of the War Office for free entry into the camp of the prisoners of war. Both literature and preachers were welcomed by the Japanese. I came across some of these

books and leaflets: "Organisation of masses for national revolts," "Street fighting," "Types of barricades against attacks of cavalry and infantry," "How to act if tyrants have artillery at their disposal," etc. Later on (at Vladivostok) we saw a living example of how the principles laid down in the manifesto of October 17 were interpreted by the populace.

The activity of the Japanese in this direction, or more truly their open protection of the preachers of anarchy, was so apparent that even the French Minister, notwithstanding the dislike of diplomatists for a scandal, considered himself obliged to go and make representations. The answer he received (printed in the Japanese newspapers) was inimitable in its candour, not to say cynicism. "Our rule is, 'Injure your enemy in whatever way you can.'" Thus retorted the Japanese Minister of War.

Among the troops were several musicians, who had formed themselves into a band (God knows of what kind); at first they used to play their marches, polkas, waltzes, and galops, under the windows of the captain's cabin during lunch. The Admiral thanked them for their kind trouble, and ordered refreshments

for them at his personal expense. The musicians accepted it as their due, not without pride. Suddenly a disturbance arose. They were reproached as being "glad of a sop," and that their servile fawning was treason to a free proletariat, etc. As a result there was no music at lunch to-day, and when it was over, the band gathered in the bows of the steamer and for two hours played the "Marseillaise" and the "Carmagnole."

What next will there be? Involuntarily I remembered how I quarrelled with the chaplain of the *Suvōroff*, Father Nazare, proving that in a man-of-war it was futile to pray for a Christian ending of our lives. "Painless, shameless, and peaceful," that for men going to death only one of these three words need be left—"shameless." What could be more shameful now—the fear of death at the hands of our own men.

November 5.—The ship's crew (a trustworthy crowd) are in two watches. To help them we have organised our own watch; two officers and one sailor keep watch on the cabin occupied by the Admiral. Four other officers are spread over the upper deck. The revolvers are transferred from hand to hand. There are in the steamer thirteen rifles, and cartridges for them packed in a case; but

unfortunately they are kept in a compartment, access to which is through the living deck. An attempt to get them might cause an explosion.

At 3 A.M. I went on watch in my turn. A well-known place. The captain was keeping close to the islands and cliffs, in order that in case of open mutiny, he could run the ship ashore at once. He was quite right. The Japanese would not pardon the criminals—although they themselves had provoked them—in order to show that they were “top dog.” On going on watch I learned that at about 2 A.M. a meeting was held in the first after-hold. It broke up at about 3 A.M. Detached groups wandered about the deck. Evidently they noticed that on the quarter-deck, spar-deck, and fore-castle, there was something in the nature of a guard. They began to disperse in a shamefaced manner. (Apparently they were not aware that we were almost unarmed.) About 6 A.M. we arrived at Nagasaki. The captain of the *Bogatyr* came on board. He told us little that was good news. There was a senseless, drunken revolution at Vladivostok. In this harbour (Nagasaki) were the *Mongolia*, and some Norwegian vessel that had collected fugitives who had escaped from the rebels. The ship’s company

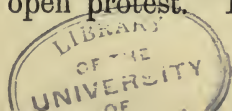
state that in the steamer a red flag is carefully kept, by which the people sworn in at Hamadera were led astray.

5 P.M.—The situation became more acute.

In the morning the senior engineer, profiting by the delay, wished to send a pump to a factory for repairs. He was not allowed to do this until it had been inspected, and the managing committee (of the mutineers) had given its decision. They were afraid he might send part of the machinery to the factory, without which it would be impossible to go to sea. They examined it and gave permission. Among the troops were thirty Cossacks (trans-Baikal troops) who had been captured, together with their officer S. M——. From them the latter received warning that at a meeting to-day it was decided, that if, by to-morrow evening, we did not leave Nagasaki, the mutineers would throw overboard both admirals and all who sided with them; take possession of the ship, and it would be seen what further. . . .

A direct demand has just been presented by the executive committee: "If you do not go to Vladivostok to-morrow we will go ourselves."

The Cossacks could not be persuaded to enter an open protest. They said there were



too few of them. Six troopers of the Daghestan brigade begged us to buy them Japanese daggers, and promised to "cut off the heads of anyone and disembowel them rather than that the Admiral should die." A curious offer on their part. Is it worth it? Not a great reinforcement, six men against a crowd of two and a half thousand, of whom (by the evidence of the same Cossacks) about a hundred have revolvers and a good half are armed with hunting knives.

9 P.M.—After supper, in spite of rain and darkness the upper deck was full of men. The band was playing the "Marseillaise" incessantly, and orators making speeches on the forecastle. A large and fairly melodious choir was singing, "Arise, exalt yourselves, oh working men," on the quarter-deck. The spar-deck and poop, joined by a fore and aft bridge, were in our possession (we had to abandon the forecastle in order to concentrate our strength). The ship's company were on our side. They were accused of behaving like mean tyrants, and threatened with the same fate as ourselves. My leg was very painful, it may be from the weather. I was unable to walk about much. What are they (the mutineers) waiting for, if they have decided. Meanwhile the captain had informed them on shore of the

doings in the steamer. A police inspector has just arrived. He announced that there were no troops in Nagasaki, but the governor had summoned them from camp, and they would arrive to-morrow at 10 A.M. They had telegraphed to Sassebo to send a man-of-war. In the meantime all the police had been mobilised, and two echelons would soon arrive. Are there many? inquired the Admiral. About 70 men, who will occupy the spar-deck, and the rebels will only pass into the cabin (where all the officers and crew were assembled) over their bodies, categorically explained the Japanese.

At 11 P.M. the police arrived, and it seems imperceptibly, noiselessly, and without attracting any attention, proved to be masters of the spar-deck. Evidently our men, having listened to all sorts of nonsense at Hamadera, supposed that the Japanese authorities would not only take no measures against them, but would even be ready to give them support, and suddenly—such an unexpected turn of affairs—an extraordinary effect resulted. Music and singing stopped instantly; the upper deck was deserted; the ship's company met not the slightest opposition in the fulfilment of their duties. (Before this the artificers had been driven from the engines, and they had even

placed their own men at the electric light stations.) However, it is reported that in the holds, into which the Japanese decided not to penetrate on account of their small numbers, burning debates were being held and a call to arms made—but unsuccessfully.

November 6. — About 1.30 A.M. the flag-captain came up very much agitated, and requested us to go on to the poop, promising to show us something very interesting. It was decidedly curious. Three ropes had been paid out over the stern, and some Japanese boats had made fast to them not far away. The flag-captain assured us that he had seen our officers lower the ropes and summon the boats. What utter nonsense! Now, when the rebels had hidden themselves in the hold, at the sight of some tens of armed police; when one could sleep in absolute security, can it possibly be so? But no, I am loth to believe it. The night passed in perfect quiet, and in the morning, five officers were missing. It is sad to relate, but, “You cannot leave a word out of a song.” . . .

At 11.30 A.M. four Japanese torpedo-boats arrived from Sassebo, and with the covers of the torpedo tubes thrown back, began to cruise round the steamer. The mutineers were completely cowed. Delegates appeared, and assured

the captain that it was all folly on the part of some desperate wretches who did not know what they were talking about. There was a disgusting scene, from taking part in which I was spared, thank God.

November 7.—Although I have written a good deal it is not worth recalling.

November 8.—General D. arrived on board the steamer at 10.30 A.M., and very nearly wrecked the whole business. He summoned one man from each company and retired with them on to the poop. He admonished them for four hours, and in the end proposed that they should swear that they would mutiny no more. He also proposed that they should give up the ringleaders, but received the stereotyped answer:—"There are no ringleaders, we acted in unison."

Having decided that his four hours' harangue had fully convinced men who, for eleven months, had been under the influence of experienced agitators, the General explained that everything was now satisfactory, and we could go to Vladivostok: but—he stumbled against the protest of the ship's company. The captain of the steamer respectfully informed him that not only he and his officers, but also the crew, refused to go to sea with men who threatened to throw them overboard, as he

had no means of preventing them carrying out their threat. Thunder and lightning! The General would try him by court-martial—take away his command; telegraph to St Petersburg—and I don't know what more. With difficulty the captain of the *Bogatyr* managed to explain that the personnel of the *Voronege* was serving voluntarily, and the mutiny of the troops, in the absence of means for its suppression, would be *force majeure*, and give them the right of breaking their contract. The result was, it was decided to distribute the troops in the *Tambov* and *Kieff*, and to send others to the *Voronege*. The General's thoughts were turned in another direction. It transpired (and was said almost openly) that all these disturbances were owing to the presence on board of the two Admirals; and therefore it was proposed, in order to avoid further unpleasantness, that they should go on board the *Yakut* which was leaving for Vladivostok on the following day. (This was the first occasion that we had met with such hostility on the part of official Russia. They were no doubt well informed here how the wind was blowing in St Petersburg.)

November 9.—They have finished the transfer of the troops to the *Kieff* and the *Tambov*.

November 10.—Both Admirals, the staff, and

General S., who never left us, were transferred to the *Yakut*. Of the latter (General S.) it may be mentioned that he quickly ended his warlike career. He reached the army before Mukden, having been appointed commander of a brigade, but, before he was able to take up his command, and never having seen it, he was taken prisoner. At midday we weighed anchor.

We left Nagasaki in magnificent weather. Towards evening it blew from the north; the *Yakut*, 730 tons burden, began to pitch and toss considerably.

November 11.—Towards morning the wind freshened. They had to lessen the number of revolutions on account of the cross sea. We ploughed along all day at five knots. The rolling was horrible. The blows of the waves against our counter were just like cannon shots. It was impossible to sit down in the saloon without being thrown out of one's seat. It became quieter in the evening.

November 12.—The weather has improved, and they have increased speed. Even the General, who had lain like a log, arose hearty, gay, and witty. It's a strange business: he doesn't seem at all depressed by the fact that he is returning from captivity, and is wholly absorbed in speculations as to whether there

will be a vacant brigade for him, or if he will have to wait until his turn comes. Why is it that oppressive thoughts torment me so. By the evening it was quite calm : even the swell had gone down. D—— sat down at the piano—it was an old battered instrument and out of tune, but yet how soothing the long unheard notes of a favourite opera sounded on it. It would melt the iciest heart. How good it would have been to have died to the sound of such soft, tender music—to fall asleep and wake no more.

November 13.—It is nearly dawn ; the top of Foggy Hill is visible. The sky is overcast and it rains occasionally. To-day is Sunday. Mass was 'said. No doubt everyone prayed with all their heart, both joyfully and yet with pain, so it seemed afterwards. To port and ahead of us is the Russian coastline . . . and after a few half-score miles—a Russian port.

12.20 P.M.—All the places are familiar to me : on the left Cape Brussa darkens the horizon, on the right are the islands Durnova and Hildebrand. Welcome, my native land ! Welcome, Russia !

CHAPTER XI

At Vladivostok—Narratives of eye witnesses—Emotion on arrival—Departure—With Linievitch and Kuropatkin—Manifestations on the part of the wounded—Transbaikal railway on the eve of a strike—Around Lake Baikal—Impressions of Irkutsk.

November 14.—Yesterday at 4 P.M. we anchored in Golden Horn Bay. In the harbour were the *Jemchug*, *Aleut*, *Terak*, some torpedo boats, and some unknown steamers under the naval flag—all that remained of the Russian fleet. On shore were the burnt buildings of the officers' quarters, blackened columns of chimneys where had stood the naval club (what a library they had there!)—ruins,—and the sites of burnt houses.

Rear-Admiral Grevé, commander of the port, was flying his flag on the transport *Aleut*. From thence came Captain A—— to offer congratulations on our happy arrival. "Commander of the flagship—c'est moi," he said,

endeavouring to be witty, greeting us nervously and hurrying on to go to the Admiral. The jest failed, and everyone—he also—seemed rather sad. Then Grevé came and quickly made his official call, and took both Admirals on shore to his house.

Since this morning there has been a fog as thick as milk. Someone came on board the transport. Stories were told of the recent events. Carefully estimating and comparing these narratives, I came to the conclusion that strictly speaking there had been no mutiny during the first days of *pogrom* (devastation) and incendiarism—it was only a drunken orgy, which the perplexed and ill-informed authorities did not know how to suppress at the time, but allowed it to grow until passwords were used amongst the rebels. The authorities expected and feared that something would take place. Troops were sent to protect Government buildings and establishments, but with a strict order “only to protect.” The following sketch is drawn from life. Half a company of soldiers stood guarding the house of the military Governor. In the street was a crowd of the riff-raff of the port. Opposite was a two-storied house, in the lower storey of which was an eating shop and wine cellar, and in the upper storey a restaurant and confec-

tioner's shop. The crowd was aggressive, but could not make up its mind to start an attack. Every movement towards the Governor's house failed of itself, and did not even get as far as the grey wall of men whose pouches contained cartridges. But the other side of the street was practically free. A heavy cobble stone flies through the plate glass window of a shop, and the same moment the mob rushes away helter-skelter, but the grey wall stands immovable, only the officers confusedly confer together, and orderlies run off somewhere (no doubt to the telephone). The dispersed crowd again collects. It still cannot believe that it "may." A second window is broken, and again there is no interference. More and more; "Come on boys," they cry. The lust of destruction overpowers them. They break the glass, cutting themselves in forcing their way through the windows, although the doors had been broken some time ago and the entrance is clear—they pillage—it is not so much pillage as destruction. Smoke curls up from somewhere and tongues of flame flash out. More irrepressible becomes the pressure of those from outside, who have not yet been able to get in, and are afraid they will be too late. The two streams collide, there is a fight, and already there are

some injured and burnt . . . but the grey wall stands immovable. The drunken crowd (not so much from wine as from the lust of destruction) creep closer and closer to this wall. Bottles taken out of cellars, and expensive meats, are kindly thrust into the silent ranks, and their regularity is broken. First one goes, then another, as though they were unexpectedly tempted by the turbulent crowd. The grey wall crumbles and wavers: in vain the officer begs for instructions (by telephone) either to put a stop to the disorder, or to take his men away, of whom only a mere handful would soon be left. He was ordered to follow the instructions he had received to the letter. This was related to me: I did not see it myself. I was even told that in Aleutsky Street a sub-lieutenant with a section of soldiers did not allow any pillage, and was at once removed from his post almost under arrest. Towards evening the town was on fire in many places, and a drunken crowd, with whom were mixed soldiers and sailors, burnt and devastated because the "strong arm was wanting." Local residents (those who did not give way to panic) categorically confirmed the fact, that it was not the hundreds or so Cossacks entering the town on the third day of the disorders who restored tranquillity,

but that the people had come to their senses. The first day they were intoxicated, and on the second they recovered from their excesses and slept them off. The real tumult only broke out later, and was caused by the recollection of how they were allowed to do as they liked, and annoy the authorities with impunity. For the same reason, too, the "Port Arthurites" who had returned from captivity filled with revolutionary propaganda, might have plotted their foolish but real mutiny. If the first spark at Vladivostok was not accidental, but burst forth under someone's direction, then one could not refuse to grant a patent for absurdity to the directors. They should have awaited the arrival of the *Yaroslav*, *Voronege*, *Kieff*, and *Tambov* from Japan, with several thousands of men, who positively believed in the possibility of the creation of a Yussuri republic.

November 15. — I went ashore, as it was necessary to buy some warm things for the railway journey. A strange scene met my eyes—burnt houses, devastated shops, and yet the town was full of people. The general impression was that they wished to ignore the traces of the late debauch—and rightly too; there was something to be ashamed of.

November 16. — A cold N.W. wind was blowing, but my heart was warm. Here, in

Vladivostok, are many Port Arthurites who escaped capture by breaking through to Chefoo, before the surrender of the fortress. The people here themselves expected the fate of Port Arthur if the war had continued. Their feelings towards us are very different to those of D—— and his suite.

I in particular understood and appreciated this when an old chum of the Naval Academy came up and nearly smothered me in his embrace.

They all, too, with the same interest, asked, almost importunately : What of the Admiral ? How is he ?

I say, without exaggeration, that every one hopes that he, the only one of the whole list of admirals who experienced and outlived the crusade of our fleet from Libau to Tsushima, was saved by a miracle from the lost *Survōroff*, solely in order that with the fearless hand of a man who has endured to the utmost, he might build up our fleet again. Not the sham that we considered a fleet, but a fleet—a real fleet. It is not only we who think thus, but landsmen as well.

November 17. — We left Vladivostok at 10.45 A.M. Though there were no officials present, there was a crowd to see us off. They came regardless of their manner of dress : they

had heard that "he" was leaving, and hurried to see him. It was a hearty send-off—sailors, landsmen, civilians. I felt touched.

November 18.—To-day we dined at Hai-chen-tze. A bottle of very nasty Kahetin wine costs 4 roubles 50 kopecks; it was poor stuff: four bottles wouldn't make a man drunk, and at that rate he might soon be ruined. At night there were 10 degrees of frost, but it was warm in the carriage.

November 19. — We arrived at Harbin at 7.30 A.M. Naval Surgeon Lisitsin was travelling with us on his return from the war. At Vladivostok he was attached to the Admiral's staff. He would reach home sooner with the Admiral, and the latter would benefit by his services (the wound in his head required bandaging daily). I, too, took advantage of this event. I received the same advice as in the *Voronege*, to keep my toe in hot compresses until we reached St Petersburg, and there it would be seen to. I limped, but was cheerful. The Admiral had already communicated with Linievitch from Vladivostok. They decided to meet. At Harbin we were detached from the train. During our stay our men strolled about the station and its vicinity. I looked out of the window. There was a dense crowd—many were drunk. Their garb

was most fantastic. A soldier could not be distinguished from a workman. Everywhere there were traces of fires. (Here, too, there had been drunken riots). Not much like a place under military law. Those who had gone for a ramble outside formed the same impressions.

At 8.10 A.M. we were conveyed south. It was very noticeable that the nearer we were to the advanced positions, the better order there was. Patrols were moving about, and there were no disorderly crowds. There were even baggage trains moving in good order. There was nothing of the devastation nor the crowds that were to be seen at Harbin and near it.

November 29.—Yesterday we reached the station of Loushagoy where Linievitch was quartered. We lunched and dined with him. Nearly all the time between lunch and dinner the Admiral sat alone with him. It is not known what they talked about. After dinner in the evening the staff seized on me, demanding particulars of various details of the cruise and fight. At 7.30 A.M. to-day we went north. I could not refrain from asking the Admiral about Linievitch's telegram. Why did he not take advantage of the fact that there was no armistice? Why did he not attack? Everyone

is now crying out that the peace is shameful, that he had a million troops, and the Japanese many less. The Admiral was silent at first, but afterwards remarked sharply : "What sort of million had he? He told me himself he had scarcely 370 thousand between Samara and Loushagoy."

"Well, then, is it surprising?"

At 10 A.M. we arrived at a station (I cannot get the correct pronunciation from anyone, they all say it in a different way), where Kuropatkin's train was standing. Here we lunched. The Admiral alone with Kuropatkin (evidently for a confidential talk), and we with the staff. Kuropatkin accompanied us to the station and (evidently he had more to say) sat down with the Admiral in his compartment with closed doors, for a good quarter of an hour. My compartment was close by, and when the door was opened I involuntarily heard the last words he spoke in taking his leave . . . "on you alone was there hope . . . if only it should not be so again in the future. . . . I say again, that all hope lay in your coming . . . tell the truth, the whole truth . . . if only they will listen."

We remained at Harbin for over two hours. I didn't understand what the matter was. The Admiral became angry and summoned the

traffic manager and the stationmaster, but they had decided not to tell him the truth (as we learnt later), and made an evasive reply. In substance, the affair was about the possibility of letting the special train ordered by Linievitch pass while permission had not yet been granted by the strike committee.

November 21.—We passed through the Hingansky tunnel at 12.45 P.M. North, or more truly north-west, of Hingan, it is quite winter. Snow and sledges.

At 2.30 P.M. there was a demonstration at — Station. A crowd of soldiers and workmen gathered round the carriage. The railway officials hid themselves. The conductor ran up, pale as a sheet, saying that they were going to break into the train. It turned out to be nothing dreadful—only a deputation of three men who had come to inquire about the health of the Admiral. I announced that he was “pretty well, thank God,” although not yet quite recovered from his wounds, which were severe. They were satisfied, but begged, if it were possible, that he should come to the window, because the people having heard of his arrival, had assembled to greet him. I told the Admiral, and he went out on to the platform at the end of the carriage, just as he was (in his ordinary coat). The oldest of the

deputies (an artillery n.-c. officer) began to make a speech to the effect that—"at his age he had not spared himself, and shed his blood, and therefore they wished him good luck, and God grant . . . but here he grew decidedly confused, and those around cried "hurrah!" and they all stepped forward. Taking advantage of the moment's quiet, the Admiral cried out: "Thanks for your kind words. This is your representative, eh?" and leaning down towards the soldier standing on the footboard, embraced and kissed him. A roar came from the crowd. I looked at the deputy in perplexity, and at the tears streaming down his broad black beard, and felt as if something had choked me . . . it was all so unexpected. "These are all the wounded who are being sent home," explained the conductor, who had now recovered from his fright. "Ah yes," now it was all clear. These men of course knew the "price of blood." The train slowly steamed away, and they ran alongside it. A loud hurrah! was thundered forth, and hats and caps flew into the air.

November 22.—At midnight we arrived at Manchuria station and stopped. The railway was on the verge of a strike. The committee had already manifested their activity. They did not recognise special trains. The Admiral

telegraphed to Linievitch, but apparently the telegram went no further than the nearest station. At 2.30 and at 6.30 A.M. I was awakened by the jolting of the train, and was under the impression that we were going on. A bitter disappointment—we were being transferred from one line to another.

9 A.M.—Nothing fresh. A clear, frosty morning, 1.75° F. below zero.

According to reports, only military trains with reserves who have been discharged to their homes, are allowed to pass. About 11 A.M. we received a telegram granting us permission to proceed. From whom? From Linievitch or the committee? I could not clearly find out. At noon we went on.

The foreign matter forgotten by the doctors, in my wounded foot, evidently cannot stand the hot compress, and is trying to come out, not through the big hole, but by piercing its own way from behind. That is all right, as long as it comes out and does not delay on its way. I have a bad cold and bronchitis. I swallow quinine and phenacetin, and warm myself with hot tea and claret, and wrap myself up in everything I can. My legs suffer severely—they are frozen. Some kind person found some warm goloshes in a shop near the

station and bought them for me. I am more comfortable.

6 P.M.—An unexpected discovery—another carriage is attached to our train in which are two travellers. One of them is assistant traffic manager. He told the Admiral that he had hooked on with the object of settling misunderstandings on the journey and carrying out an unimpeded investigation. To us in friendly conversation he gave other explanations; he was chiefly to take advantage of the permission to pass the special train (orders had been given not to stop the Admiral or cause him any unpleasantness) in order that he might inspect the line. The information he had gained was far from reassuring: two-thirds of the engines had been wantonly damaged; not more than thirty per cent. of the rolling stock was working; we had still to go another section (120 versts, 80 miles) with the same engine and driver, as there was no change to be obtained at the railway depôt.

What a desolate country!—Sloping hillocks, vast plains (travellers call them brine pans), and for a hundred versts there is neither tree, nor village, nor any sign of human habitation. The dried-up pasture, on which a sheep could not exist, protrudes its rough straggling blades

from under a thin coating of snow.—It is a desert.

November 23.—Night. The hills are becoming higher and more massive. We sometimes plunge into deep cuttings, and sometimes traverse a high embankment. It is all uninhabited. Indeed, in comparison with this part of Transbaikal, even northern Manchuria is a paradise. We stopped at the Orloffian station. A military train has been wrecked twenty versts ahead of us. The heating apparatus burst. About twenty men were wounded and scalded. The Admiral immediately ordered our doctor and some volunteers to go there on our engine. Profiting by our long detention, I took courage and hobbled into the refreshment room, where I ate a roast tree-partridge and laid in a stock of seven. (I am heartily tired of ham and preserves—our usual diet.)

At 6 A.M. we continued our journey. The doctor on his return informed us that the accident was quite trivial. Not only was there no one killed, but there was no one seriously wounded. A wood now came in sight, a herd of cows and a drove of horses. In places Buriatsky villages were to be seen.

The scenery between Aga and Ingoda was surprisingly beautiful. The last time (on my

way to Port Arthur) I passed this place in the night and was unable to admire it. It is clear, calm, and frosty, 8° Fahr. below zero. There was a delay at Chita town station. The assistant traffic manager explained that a crowd of "manifestants," about three thousand strong, was moving along the line and making for the town. It would be dangerous for us to go on and meet them. They might take it for an act of hostility and arrange an "accident." It would be better to wait and let them pass. At 1.50 P.M. the procession went by us. There were two red flags, and behind them, in proper order, were two military bands: one a Cossack band with yellow shoulder straps; the other, which I learnt afterwards belonged to the railway battalion, wore red. From afar we had heard the strains of the "Marseillaise," but when they went past the train the bands were not playing, and a large and fairly good choir were singing something about, "it is time for the working men to obtain their freedom." Among the crowd there were many of the educated classes, both men and women, officials of various departments in uniform, officers, and a large number of soldiers.

At 2.5 P.M. the line was clear. We started. A curious scene occurred. In the station near

the train were a group of "grey caps," who had left the procession and assembled on the platform near the Admiral's carriage. Seeing the Admiral at the window, they cried "hurrah!" and gave him an ovation.

At the next station we learnt from our fellow-travellers, who had wired to Chita, that everything had passed off successfully. The Governor (General Holshtchevnikoff) received the "manifestants," and had made a speech to them from the balcony. Yielding to their requests, he had released from the guardroom the officers who had been arrested for taking part in the meetings, and agreed to the establishment of a council of representatives of all classes, of which he himself was president. Jokingly they called him the President of the Chita Republic. He acted wisely. Had they killed him, and the power passed into the hands of some committee or other, Linievitch's army would have been cut off from Russia.

November 24.—We are travelling without any special adventures and fairly fast (an average of 40 versts = 26 miles an hour). About 1 P.M. we arrived at Muisovy station, where we dined off real and excellent "shtchee"¹ and goose. In the midst of the banquet the

¹ Cabbage soup.

assistant traffic manager, who was travelling with us, appeared and announced that a strike would begin at 2 o'clock. Only trains with reserve men would run. But the Admiral, it appears, is allowed to pass; he added in a confidential tone, "We shall soon see, however; if they give us an engine, it means we shall go."

His tidings proved correct. At 2.30 they gave us an engine. I wonder how far we shall go! How long shall we benefit by this friendliness? The strike is universal throughout Russia. They demand a pardon for an engineer named Sokoloff who had been sentenced to death at Kushka.

7 P.M.—The assistant traffic manager says the reason that we have not been stopped is solely due to the presence of the Admiral. Our train has been declared to be a military train. All others are detained. God grant that we may continue under the same protection.

9 P.M.—On the Circum-Baikal railway. The sky has become clear. It is a glorious moonlight night. The scenery is not only beautiful but awe-inspiring in its beauty. At times it is dreadful; when on the left there is a wall of rock, and on the right a precipice invisible from the window; and the train

rushes along high above the mirror-like surface of the lake, inclining as it rounds the bends, and looking as it were into an abyss. At the station near the southern extremity of Lake Baikal, we obtained some Petersburg newspapers of the 10th and 11th November. It is a long time since we saw one. We read them, and cannot believe our eyes. Like a train Russia herself seems to be rushing somewhere, leaning over an abyss; should an axle crack, or a sleeper be broken, everything would go to ruin.

At the same station we changed the engine and the men in charge of the train. The traffic examiner, who had been stranded here, came in. I happened to be the witness of a curious scene.

Traffic examiner (going towards a carriage and turning to a group of railway servants and workmen), "How now? Shall I get to my destination? Shall I be alive?"

A voice: "Drive on, Alexander Alexandrovitch! meanwhile keep calm, we have not yet received the order." At 11.25 we arrived at Baikal station. For the last three hours I have not been able to tear myself away from the window, admiring the view.

November 25.—At Baikal station yesterday we fully appreciated the circumstance that the railway strike has not spread to the refreshment

room. True, instead of a first-class waiting-room there was a dirty shed, but what dainties ! I have seen nothing like it for two years.

When I went back to the carriage I slept like a boa-constrictor. I heard neither the arrival at Irkutsk, nor the whistling and jolting when they were changing our carriage from one line to another.

We can make nothing of the strike. It is—and it is not. In any case the ordinary traffic is suspended, although they promise that the last express will leave to-morrow, and our carriage will be attached to it.

The passengers have dispersed to look at the town, to hear the news, but chiefly to have a good lunch and dinner. Only cripples are left in the carriage. An attempt to obtain food from the station refreshment room through the conductor, did not meet with success. The station was literally filled with passengers and their luggage. My messenger was told that “You have no business here, let them come themselves.” I was obliged to walk. My appearance was very homely. I wore a lambskin cap bought at Vladivostok, a wonderfully cut sac coat made by a Japanese at Sassebo ; on my feet were warm goloshes like sea boots ; in addition, my hair had not been cut for a month, and I walked with

difficulty, leaning on a stick. I successfully reached not only the waiting-room but even the refreshment bar. The barman evidently took me for a pensioner; we quickly made out a menu together, and when I, after drinking a glass of vodka and tasting some dried sturgeon, wished to pay, the barman clapped me on the back and said, "We won't quarrel about the account." Towards the evening (it was already dark) the wife of the Governor (Maj.-Gen. Kaigorodoff) came and had a long talk with the Admiral. She was evidently much agitated. I don't know what they talked about.

November 26.—Our fellow-travellers relate some of yesterday's impressions. No one knows in the town what will happen tomorrow, and cannot even count upon where they will find themselves—whether in the Russian Empire or in a state of an all-Russian Federation, or in a completely independent Irkutsk Republic.

The Admiral (again at dusk) was sent a carriage (probably the result of yesterday's visit), and drove to the Governor-General's and then to the Governor's. On his return he told us that both of them were completely deprived of all authority, while their sole support, a battalion—I don't know of what regiment, but with blue shoulder straps and the number 36,

sent by Linievitch—was becoming restless. The officers were taking part in meetings, and the men did guard duty unwillingly. They said that if by the 30th they were not sent home, they would not be answerable for order. The local troops are not worth mentioning. Telegrams go through the censor of the strike committee. The authorities are completely cut off from both St Petersburg and Linievitch. It's a pleasant situation.

To-day is the feast of St Innocent, patron saint of Irkutsk. All the vodka was bought up last night. This forebodes a great debauch. They are afraid that there will be an uprising on that account.

At 8.32 P.M. we successfully continued our journey.

CHAPTER XII

Military trains with reservists—This side of the Urals—
Unexpected turn of affairs—Under the Admiral's
flag—St Petersburg—An attempt to resist—At rest—
Letter from a friend—"The Price of Blood."

November 27.—At 2 P.M., at Tulun station, a crowd of soldiers and workmen again gathered round the train. They sent deputies to beg that the Admiral would show himself to them, if it were only at the window. He (in spite of the frost—8° below zero, Fahrenheit—came out on to the end platform. They asked him if it were true that the authorities did not wish to send him reinforcements from Russia. Was it true that "Nebogatoff's Division took no part at all in the fight, but remained far astern." The Admiral answered them shortly and resolutely. "Was there no treachery?" a penetrating voice suddenly called out. Instinctively we felt that this question tormented the crowd the most.

"There was no treason; our force was not

sufficient and God gave us no luck," firmly replied the Admiral, and bowing he retired. Sympathetic cries followed him. "God grant you good health." "May you live for a century." "You are an old man, but have spilt your blood: we are not the only sufferers—you are wounded in the head." The train started, accompanied by a thundering "hurrah!"

November 28.—At 1 P.M. we arrived at Kaimsk. It is clear and frosty; there are 17.5° below zero, Fahrenheit.

About 5 P.M., at the siding at Uriask, we overtook a mutinous battalion of reservists, who would not allow us to go ahead, explaining that their need was the greater. The station authorities were terrorised. They told us it was worse yesterday. The battalion had damaged an engine. They demanded that the engine should be detached from a mail train that had overtaken them, because "there are more than a thousand of us here, and we can carry all before us." At 6.45 P.M. we went on.

November 29.—We are crawling behind a train of reservists at a speed of 18 versts (12 miles) an hour.

November 30.—The night before last, by a trick, we overtook several detachments at the

sidings; but by stealing a march on them in this way, we were nearly stranded in the open "steppe" for lack of water. It was an eventful journey.

At 12.30 P.M. we crossed the bridge over the Obi. On the right bank of the river, near the station, a large town and cathedral had risen up; streets were laid out regularly, and there were *isvostchiks* with numbers. I remember how I drove through here ten years ago in a post sledge; it was then a desert.

December 1.—At Omsk, 9 A.M., we obtained some newspapers, and only read of military revolts. However, well-informed people warned us that all telegrams had to pass the censors of the "committees." The news is mutilated and is often pure fabrication. There is some consolation in that, as otherwise one might think that there is not a sound spot in Russia.

We are continuing our journey, and, except for the revolt of the reservists, have had no further experiences.

Through being absorbed by the news in the papers and the talk about them, I forgot to change my compress. In the night it dried up. In the early morning I woke from the pain. I had to moisten the compress and draw it off. To-day I could hardly walk.

The great thing is to bear up till I get to Petersburg and not break down on the way.

11 A.M., Tcheliabinsk. — All is quiet to outward appearance.

December 3.—9 A.M., Ufa.

7 P.M.—We have already crawled a hundred versts behind the train with reservists. They won't let us pass. There are a whole series of similar military detachments on ahead. We succeeded in passing one of them, thanks to the cleverness of a station watchman; but the poor fellow paid for this dearly (we were informed afterwards that he was nearly beaten to death). It is becoming all-absorbing.

December 4.—Last night we stopped a long time at the station of Kinsel. The station authorities had received a threat by telegram that they would be burnt alive if they did not allow three detachments to pass ahead of us. (They were the same that we overtook by trickery.)

At 12 noon we arrived at Samara. The situation is hopeless. The line is completely in the control of the reservists. Travellers only shrug their shoulders when we ask at what approximate date we may reach Moscow. There is complete anarchy. The commandant of the station nearly wept in telling us how

absolutely helpless he was. Suddenly there was a miracle. It came out that Admiral Rojěstvensky was in the train (our carriage was attached to the last express). A crowd gathered round and they made an ovation. Three times the Admiral was obliged to come out on to the platform and bow. The line was cleared. At 12.30 P.M. we went full-speed ahead.

About 2 P.M. we were approaching a way-side station. Having been warned that two whole military detachments were waiting here, we decreased speed, fearing that they might detain us (by changing the signals). The conductor ran up pale and agitated, saying that there was a large crowd on both sides of the station, and that it would be better for us to stop. We are scarcely moving, but the signal stands correct and the line is clear. Suddenly from right and left was heard a "Hurrah!" More than 2000 men climbed on to the embankment stumbling, running after the train, shouting and throwing their caps into the air. It appears that the Samara detachment telegraphed to their comrades that the Admiral was travelling by the express, and therefore we need not fear any delays in the future. It was touching and flattering, though curious.

December 5.—We are running as fast as an express ought to go. 6 P.M.—Tula.

11.15 P.M.—Moscow.

December 6.—Our carriage was attached to a passenger train, and at 12.15 we started on the last stage of our journey.

At 5.30 P.M. we passed Luban. We are approaching St Petersburg. Alas! I never thought to return thus! It weighs on my spirits.

At the best, my remarks are not of such general interest as to be worth recording literally every day, but for the completion of the sorrowful tale here related it appears to me to be necessary to give the contents of my diary in short general lines for the following six months.

On arrival at St Petersburg, it became evident that the real instigators of the coolness shown us at receptions, were General D—— and his satellites, and not the representatives of the Vladivostok garrison or the active army (not to mention the rough masses of reservists), who, knowing the “price of blood,” treated us so sympathetically. In St Petersburg we were met by enemies, who were the more dangerous because the majority at the outset had played the part of the most

devoted friends. And when it became clear that the Admiral not only wished, but had the strength to work, and was anxious to leave no stone unturned in his efforts at reforming the navy—he considered that “a repetition of the past was an unpardonable transgression”—then a powerful coalition was formed against him composed of that class of society who consider the Admiralty their own private property.

A few days after our arrival in St Petersburg, the Admiral presented his last report—about the cruise of the squadron from the China Sea into the Gulf of Korea—the first contact with the enemy—the circumstances preceding the battle of Tsushima, and the development of the latter up to the moment when he (Rojěstvensky) was put out of action and lost the power of giving an account of the events that occurred. In a short time he also presented a full report, which made its appearance in the press, verified and confirmed by captains and officers who had escaped from the destruction, and a plan of our and the enemy's manœuvres. Not one of these documents (like all Admiral Rojěstvensky's reports of the voyage) was published, although the papers were full of apocryphal tales about different moments and episodes of the battle, written clearly from the accounts of eye-

witnesses. In saying "clearly," I do not wish to be accused of mere verbalism. In my hands are documents proving that the newspaper *Novoe Vremya* (*New Times*) received for publication several letters of Lieutenant Vuiroboff, who perished in the *Suvōroff*, but only printed *some* of the letters received, and in those they took the liberty of making omissions and of editing them in such a way that they served a definite purpose.

I am firmly convinced that the letters of the Constructor Politovsky (whom I knew personally and always considered a thorough gentleman), published in a book under the title *From Libau to Tsushima*, were also edited in the same way. My readers must not think that I wish to show up people who were conducting a slanderous newspaper campaign against Admiral Rojěstvensky, as villains in a melodrama. Nothing of the kind. These were gentlemen who did not profess the idea "evil for evil" so much as "nothing succeeds like success." Their aim was to "flay" the Admiral and make him the scapegoat. At all costs, they had to adhere to the reports of the battle published immediately after it took place, which had been hastily gathered from telegrams from American correspondents which were not reliable.

If only the reports of the Admiral had been published at the end of the year 1905, in which he with business-like brevity stated that neither with the forces which he then disposed of, nor with the "weight" which they had decided to attach to him (Nebogatoff's Division) could there have been hope of success. If only it had been made clear that there was no lack of talent, or, what is more, courage and self-sacrifice, but that the complete inefficiency of the weapons with which men, true to their oath, were sent, not into a battle, but into a massacre, was the cause of the unheard-of destruction.

If only it had been clear to everyone that it was not the survivors who were guilty, but those who had sent them to inglorious defeat: what would have happened? What might have happened? With what consequences would such a moment of common knowledge have been fraught for the gentlemen living so peacefully beneath the Admiralty spire,¹ or even outside it?

For me, with my still open wounds, a semi-invalid, full of the bitterness of enforced silence, and of the impossibility of replying publicly to the calumnies organised by the press, utter silence was intolerable.

I brought out a series of articles in which

¹ The spire of the Admiralty chapel.

by statistics and documents I tried to prove (and I daresay did prove) that the creators of the third (Nebogatoff's) squadron which detained Rojěstvensky in Madagascar, deceiving the public by an account of mythical war, co-efficients of ships that might be sent to reinforce the second squadron, were guilty of a crime against Russia.

Having finished this question, I promised in the following articles to give my readers a true description of the battle, and the events preceding it; but here I was summoned by the Minister of Marine, Admiral Birilieff, who gave me a categorical order, that I was not to write anything about the late war, unless it was censored by the authorities. It was pointed out to me that such a prohibition could easily be circumvented by finding a suborned editor, who would write in my words; but the Minister would be quite satisfied by my word (of course, if I agreed to give it). As an inducement, it was explained to me that a Special Court had already been appointed to inquire into all the details of the misfortunes we had undergone, and premature disclosures by individuals would only have the unpleasant character of being attempts to influence public opinion; that it was inadmissible from a service point of view, etc. I was

then still in the service, and so, having received the order, I strictly obeyed it, and did not betray the confidence reposed in my word.

Is it necessary for me to explain that by this mode of action *my* mouth only was closed, while the *Novoe Vremya's* "knights of the pen" vociferated all the louder without fear or reproof.

Just at this time, the doctors definitely stated that unless I went to some warm climate for rest, away from the slough of gossip that irritated and aggravated me, in all probability I should not live to see the triumph of the truth. They drew up the medical certificate required by the regulations (I forgot to mention that a piece of bone was drawn out of the big toe of my left foot, without difficulty—it almost came out of itself—and the wound began to heal quickly).

As regards the affair of the surrender of the *Bedovy*, a Special Court of Inquiry had already been appointed. (For some reason this was separate from the Court for the surrender of the ships in general). I went to the President of it, and begged him to examine me early, as I could testify very little, and that little was not worth much credence, as being the evidence of a severely wounded man, who might easily confuse, in his imagination, delirium and reality ;

things seen personally, and things heard of afterwards. I well knew the value of such recollections from personal experience, when I was convinced that autographic and ready-made (but afterwards forgotten) remarks appeared in contradiction to the clear picture formed much later, under the influence of the accounts of those surrounding me.

They examined me and let me go.

A few days later and I, installed in the Hôtel "Cap Martin," between Mentone and Monte Carlo, on the shores of an azure sea and amid the groves of Alpine pines, secluded myself from the world. Russian papers and journals were not taken in here at all. The *Figaro* and *Gaulois* devoted twenty or thirty lines to our affairs, and to those I endeavoured to pay no attention.

The only work which I undertook, and decided to finish, even though it were beyond my strength, was the *Battle of Tsushima*.

In accordance with my given word not to print anything unless it passed the censor of the authorities, in my writings I refrained from the least criticism on questions of strategy and tactics, from all analyses of operations; but with greater impulse I devoted myself with photographic accuracy to the reproduction of details, ruthlessly rejecting everything that

might awaken in me even the shadow of a doubt as not recorded in my note-book, or substantiated by living witnesses. It is curious how tormenting such a work proved. Two or three hours' work, resulting in two or three pages of notepaper, laid me on the sick-bed. I slept a heavy, restless sleep. It was quite conceivable, because I compelled myself to live the past over again. So it went on for more than a month. I thank God I finished and posted it, having addressed it (for security, in order that the thick packet should not be detained on the frontier) to Rojěstvensky himself, with a request that he would give it to my brother, who would undertake to see it through the censor and have it published.

Having fulfilled "a duty confided to me from God," I prepared to give myself up to absolute repose, when suddenly I received a letter from an old friend who did not generally evince an inclination to express tender feelings, and in this correspondence did not make up facts, and treated me in a really friendly manner in this emergency.

I allow myself to quote literal extracts from his letter :—"The gentlemen whom you are preparing to convince, and have partially enlightened, are masters everywhere. They are saying with conviction, that you fled

abroad and will not return to Russia because you are chiefly guilty of the surrender of the *Bedovy*, and threaten to have you shot. This is an example to show you how far they will go. The inquiry is officially a secret, but this only contributes to the success of the calumniators, who hint that for them the curtain of secrecy is raised.

“It is quite possible (from their coign of vantage), and the easier therefore to believe them, but meanwhile they lie shamelessly. I am personally convinced of this. They are now reckoning with public opinion, and are making preparations. In the highest circles, they are painting you in lurid hues, and in the opposite camp they represent you as a rabid member of the ‘black hundred,’ capable of anything, including treachery.

“It is said that Rojēstvensky, in order to uphold discipline, hanged men by scores, and that you were his right hand in this; but about these punishments they are ordered to keep silence.¹ Be prepared to be blackguarded from both sides. Their aim is to dishonour you personally to the Court, or in spite of it, so that all your evidence may be discredited.

¹ Need I say that the whole time the second squadron was in existence, there was not one single death sentence, and the Admiral himself was the chief opponent of it.

I am writing so that you should not be in ignorance. That would be the most foolish thing of all. You had better come back as soon as possible, so that at all events the legend of your flight might be disproved. You also can "kick," but I think nothing will come of it. It has been decided beforehand to put you in the prisoner's dock; however, try your best, and let the devil take the consequence."

Four days after the receipt of this letter I was in Petersburg.

The situation, as he thus described it, proved to be truthful and accurate.

I tried "kicking," but nothing came of it. I myself was partly to blame. I could not believe that the respected President of the Court would submit to being prejudiced, but I will not speak about him. Fate has punished him sufficiently, and three months after that he played the part of the unjust steward.

An attempt to appeal through the Ministry of War to an Imperial Order was unsuccessful. By this Order, officers captured when wounded, were to return straight to their units. Worse still, I met with manifest disbelief when I spoke about my wounds; especially on the part of the Court, not one of whose chosen

members considered it necessary to find out what condition I was in.

The feldsher (sick berth attendant) who gave me first aid, and the doctor who bandaged me in the *Bedovy*, were not questioned at all, but the decision had already been made.

I was ignorant of all this at the time, because the inquiry was a secret (for those who were interested in it); and I was perplexed and tormented by questions. "Can they have forgotten? Could they have said nothing?" But it was solely that they were not called upon as witnesses. I pointed to the example of the Court of Inquiry on the surrender of Nebogatoff's Division, where, notwithstanding the then existing Imperial Order, that all officers were to be tried, the President insisted on the deletion from the list of accused, not only of the severely, but also of those seriously wounded. But—that was another President. I asked for a medical examination, basing my appeal on the evidence of the feldsher, doctor, and others. The examination was sanctioned, Life-Surgeon Murinoff was called, but in his hands there appeared to be no information except approximate evidence of the scars left on my body, and he gave a very evasive opinion. I could

not realise that by the appointment of an expert, the Court had disregarded my fundamental request — the examination of witnesses. I repeat that the inquiry *for me* was a secret; but how could he, a doctor of medicine, called for the decision of a question more vital than life, neglect this circumstance? After this expert examination, it was evident to me from the first my case was prejudged, and it was useless to “kick.”

My friends from under the “spire” (how could one distinguish who was a traitor) strongly urged that a public court was the best place in which to prove my innocence; and that it was not for nothing that Rojěstvensky demanded that they should try him also. In this business the utmost powers of the Procurator of the Naval Ministry were insufficient for the direction of the inquiry and the composition of the deed of accusation. On January 9, 1906, these powers were augmented by the transfer of A. I. Vogak from the Ministry of Justice, with the title of Major-General. He assumed the rôle of Prosecutor.

On April 8, 1906, a session was held of a Court to decide questions that were already determined; and shortly afterwards an order

was issued by the Naval Ministry, according to which, all of us, from the Commander downwards, who being in good health and of sound mind, unwounded and unhurt, surrendered an undamaged destroyer to the enemy, having made no attempts at resistance, ought to be placed in the prisoner's dock together with Admiral Rojěstvensky, who was at that moment lying unconscious in a struggle between life and death.

With regard to the sentence, I was perfectly indifferent; no Court could make a decision clearly contrary to the evidence. No skill or cunning of accusation could either supply facts that did not exist, overturn the evidence given under oath, or erase from my body the honourable scars from wounds received in the fight.

The fact itself of being court-martialled appeared to me to be extraordinary. I recalled the first days spent in hospital, the anticipation that the Japanese would drag me before a court (that would have been hard, but the Japanese would have been within their rights). I remembered my doubts as to whether it would be decent to plead for the mercy from our victors of changing the rope for the bullet. The following picture rose before me. A Court—a Russian Court—formed

a year ago, and we being brought on blood-stained stretchers into the hall and laid in the dock. Would the officer of the Court have the courage to say, turning to us: "The Court is coming, I beg you to rise?" or, on the other hand, would the President confusedly explain: "Gentlemen, respect them by standing." Many strange, many disjointed thoughts came into my head.

Suddenly one wild — not thought — but cry came from my heart: "Is this the 'price of blood?' is it for this we have shed it?"

At once all else was forgotten, appearing too worthless and insignificant to pierce the heart.

My heart bounded as I recalled a half-forgotten phrase. With a tranquillity that astonished me (up to this moment I had been boiling with indignation), I got my diary, sought and found the necessary page.

"*October 30.*—Last day of captivity. Beloved country, I salute you. Fate preserved me—for what? For thy service. An oath, a fearful oath I swear. For the entire remainder of my life, all my strength, all my blood for thee—everything." I smiled at the naïveté of the statement. I wished to tear it up, to

trample on it, to throw it into the waste-paper basket; but I thought better of it. I merely ruled it out and wrote across it: "For my Country—yes. But with you I have paid my reckoning."

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